THE JOYCRAFTERS

(By Cora Wallace Pearson)

Beauty and Pain

Whene'er I look on any lovely thing—
A landscape or a garden or a face—
Or when sweet music's dreamy murmuring
Is wafted to me in some quiet place,
Somewhere inside there comes a happy pain—
A glad, ecstatic feeling of regret—
That rises up and tingles through each vein,
As if despair and blessedness had met.
I know not why the goblet of delight
Is always flavored with the taste of tears,
Nor why the face of Beauty is not quite
The unalloyed good that it appears.
But this I know, that Beauty is most wise
When she appeals and hurts and satisfies.

—James Larkin Pearson.

That's one of "Pearson's Pretty Poems". It is true that there is nothing perfectly satisfying in this life. "Every rose has its thorn". Every pleasure and every good thing that comes into our lives usually has some little imperfection somewhere that gives more or less pain. Often the sweet has a touch of bitter. But it is just as true the other way around—every sorrow or everything that disappoints or displeases is liable to have a little good hid away somewhere if we only will see it.

I sat one afternoon gloomily thinking of the pain and suffering in the sick-room of my brother-in-law, and within a very short time there passed before my vision four wonderfully beautiful things—a ruby throated humming bird, a red-bird and a blue bird sitting together on a limb, and a perfect rainbow, all on the background of a perfect April day. Occasionally any one of these things may be seen here, but not so much startling beauty all at once. I hoped it was a good omen, but next day when death entered the sick room and I found myself overtaken with a cold, I had to rearrange my theories. In doing so, I was reminded that ofttimes sorrows and disappointments are accompanied by some special blessing. Thus I was enabled to still hold on to that unusual feast of beauty as a "good omen" —an omen of God's loving thought for us in the midst of our troubles.

* * *

Perhaps this mixture of "Beauty and Pain" in our lives is to keep us balanced. If every joy were perfect the top of our heads would be in danger of flying off with inordinate elation. If every sorrow lacked its touch of good, our hearts would be in danger of bursting irreparably, or sinking to the depths of discouragement. We can easily bear the little touches of pain mixed with our good, but don't let's forget to **religiously look** for the little bit of good that may be mixed with our pain.

* * *

Recently a poem in The Literary Digest pictured a little "laughing prayer" pushing its way "undaunted and unafraid" straight to the throne of God through the mass of distress-laden and sorrowful prayers—and "God was pleased that one man prayed happily". Not a far-fetched idea at all. We've no reason to believe that God is pleased with the long-faced religion so many of His children reveal both in their private and public prayers. The world is in great need of the "Gospel of Gladness" as well as the Gospel of Salvation—and it is a poor sort of salvation that doesn't bring along with it the gladness which is the privilege of every child of God to possess. Don't we all instinctively "pin our faith" on those few Christians we have seen with shining faces? What makes these faces shine? Pure thoughts of love, joy, peace and gladness that live and rule in that throne-room of the body where the brain is located, of which the eyes are the illuminating windows. Of course these shining-face people have their moments of depression when evil thoughts rush in and battle for the supremacy, but their shining face is proof that the good thoughts are always victor in the battle and reign supreme.

* * *

Two potted geraniums lived through the winter in our sitting room. Yes, they lived—and grew a little bit too. But they were "spindly" and delicate looking. As soon as the warm weather permitted they were moved to the porch in the sunshine. In a very few days a change was visible. They began to grow strong and sturdy looking, and the leaves became circled with a beautiful bronze. This is the result of living in sunshine. Sunshine is just as necessary for human beings and animals as for plants. Don't be afraid nor ashamed of that sun-bronze—it is the "bloom of health". The first thing after breakfast the Joycrafter cat goes to the sunshiny porch and sprawls around all morning, sometimes playfully rolling on its back and stretching full-length for sheer enjoyment of the sunshine. If the direct rays of the sun get too hot for it it will move to the half-shade of a rose limb or a porch post. Weak people can hardly stand the direct rays of the sun's heat, especially beating down on the brain, but in order to grow strong they need to live in air that is vitalized by the sun—which means **very close to the sun's rays.**

Sun-energy is necessary to the life of every living creature. Nature stores this energy for out-of-season use in fruits and foods that are allowed to grow and ripen to maturity in the sun's rays. Dried raisins, dates and figs are so rich in iron—which is so vitally necessary to bodily energy—because they are naturally rich in sugar, and by being matured and dried in the sunshine this sun-energy is stored in them in abundance. The modern method of preserving fruits and vegetables for winter use by canning, dehydrating, etc., may have its advantages but Nature's sun-drying method is bound to be the most healthful way.

* * *

I don't know whether God has a place in the future perfect age for our big cities or not. If He has, they will surely be different from the sunless dungeons they are now. Our dream of an earthly paradise does not include such things as crowded tenement quarters, enormous sky-scrapers, basement dwellings and sub-way caverns. He may have a place in His future plans for factories, offices, etc., but they will evidently have to be run on a different plan from the present one.

The farther man gets away from Nature the farther he gets from God. It was not intended that the birds and other creatures of the woods and fields should have a monopoly of the benefits and joys to be derived from life in the free open air and sunshine. As Margaret E. Sangster wrote:

"Live in the sunshine, don't live
in the gloom.
Carry some gladness the way to
illume;
Live in the sunshine, God meant
it for you;
Live like the robin, and sing
the day through".

* * *

A pretty big bomb blew into this office the other day. Only two little "kicks" from the ignorant type had so far shown up since the death of The Fool-Killer. Now a man who says he holds a "sheep-skin" (though he didn't spell some words correctly) is filled with sorrow and pity for the editor because he left the field for, which he was so eminently fitted and has assayed to play the role of an educated literary writer—and has made a monkey of himself sure enough by trying to do something he can't do! Moreover, he preaches us a regular sermon on egotism, because he finds too many capital "I's" in a few inches of space. Now can anybody tell us how to talk to you folks in our own individual way without using a few first-personal pronouns? This man also writes for the papers—and puts in the capital "I's", too. His letter is proof of his own egotism. A man who considers himself superior to his brother as regards education and spiritual consecration is afflicted as badly as any of us with the Ego malady. All of us are egotistical more or less, but so long as we don't exalt ourselves or think too highly of ourselves, what harm is there in it? If we don't have a good opinion of ourselves, nobody else is liable to. Just so we don't think we are more than we really are. We can wear the beautiful robe of humility without looking like a good-for-nothing tramp in it. We've got to have sufficient confidence in ourselves, as well as faith in God, if we accomplish anything, and it is just as wrong to "belittle" ourselves as it is to speak evil of our neighbor. Here are some lines that fittingly express the confidence we should have in ourselves

"I have to live with myself, and so,
I want to be fit for myself to know.
I want to be able, as days go by,
Always to look myself straight in the
eye.

I want to go out with my heart erect,
I want to deserve all men's respect;
And here in the struggle for fame
and pelf,
I want to be able to like myself".

No matter what we do or say there is always some one who will misunderstand and be ready to criticize. It is impossible for us to "see ourselves as others see us", as our critic suggests, for no two people will see us exactly alike. As it is impossible to please every body, we will just have to try to please as many as we can.

However every balloon has to have ballast, and we thank the brother for his ballast, for there really was danger of our getting too high "up in the air" over the compliments received from those who look at our virtues instead of our faults. We have not posed as angels, or intellectual highbrows, but there surely is a field somewhere between that and the other extreme where we can be of some service to the world. Joycrafters, be careful—Let's not sow seeds of discouragement in the minds of others, neither let them grow in our own minds.

THOUGHTS FROM HERE AND THERE

By Paul Crouch

Where is the world going? Stop and think. You may say that it is going the way it has always been. But is it? Never before in history has the world been caught in such a rush towards something. Suppose that a man had gone to sleep in the year 1,000 and woke up five hundred years later. There would not have been a very considerable change in the mode of life. Now suppose another person had gone asleep fifty years ago and were to wake up today. His first impression would probably be that the millennium had started during his sleep. The horseless carriages, electric lights, radio phones, airplanes and the countless other inventions would appear so remarkable that he would hardly dream of attributing them to natural causes. He would be certain to find ten times as many changes in the past fifty years as the other man found in five hundred years. If the world continues to change for another fifty or even twenty five years at the present rate (and all indications show that it will gain momentum as it goes on) where will it be?

Now suppose our man who has just returned from fifty years ago goes to the factories, to the prisons and to the battlefields what would he think of our civilization? What is the use of having a civilization if it only brings wars, crime, famine and disease into the world and stirs up every savage instinct in man? While the raw material for an earthly paradise is growing more and more abundant, it is constantly being employed for poorer uses. Capitalism, the great power as well as the curse of our modern civilization would probably suggest that we should let the rich become richer and the poor become poorer. But this can't go on forever. The poor will become so poor that they can stand it no longer. Then something is going to happen.

The nations are having about the same trouble as individuals. But they are all becoming poorer and poorer. The financial system of most countries is now on the verge of collapse. And without a medium of exchange, the capitalist governments cannot stand. The Socialists think that a socialistic or communistic system is going to take the place of capitalism and bring a perfect system. But it is only the working class that could bring this about and the capitalists take care to see that they are educated along the lines of the capitalist system (if they are educated at all). Most of the workers are so occupied with the daily struggle of life that they have no time to attend to the business of the world. And it seems that in this country, at least, the workers are so busy looking for their temporary benefit that they are blinded to the far greater gain that could be obtained by united efforts to that end. It seems to me that the workers are going to remain submissive and let the capitalists (who devote their energies and intelligence to keeping on top) continue to receive the rewards for their labor. It looks like the only thing that is going to be strong enough to destroy capitalism is the evils it contains within itself and a total collapse of the governments of the world. At the present time, it looks like this might happen in the near future. At the end of it all, perhaps a socialistic system may be on top, but can it save the world after capitalism and wars have made a wreck and a pile of trash out of it? If communism had won in Russia before war and suffering had wrecked the country, conditions there would undoubtedly be very different today. The War in the Air, written in 1907 by H. G. Wells is a very prophetic book. It pictures the complete collapse of civilization at the end.

Something is going to happen. What will it be? Will it mean the death of civilization and a return to barbarism? I prefer to think that the present troubles of the world are going to destroy the corrupt features of our modern life and thought, and pave the way to a GOLDEN AGE where the selfish nature of man will be eliminated by the working of an unseen spiritual force. Then, in an earthly paradise, the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN will become a reality and not a dream. But the present structure of civilization must fall and a wonderful change be brought about in human nature before this can happen.

* * *

What good is civilization to us anyway? How much better are we than if we had always remained in a primitive life? If we can answer these questions, it will do much to solve the question of where the world is going. It is apparent to any one who will look at the matter that there are many things in "civilization" that we would rather not have. In order to get a better perspective of the matter, let us first look at primitive life. Primitive man knows nothing of the industrial struggle and the everyday worries that trouble the average man. It is true that he has to secure food to live, but in the tropics where primitive life is usually found, it is not difficult to obtain it. To him, life consists of eating and sleeping and everyday existence is a ceaseless monotony. He has no books to study even if he cared to do so and his intellect is always dormant. Now how much better is civilized man? You may say that he has books, the opportunity for exercising his mind, etc. Yes that is true to a certain extent. But our modern civilization is largely composed of a gigantic industrial machine for the purpose of supplying the artificially created "necessities' of modern life. It makes life more comfortable for a few, but it makes wage slaves of the masses. Very few of the workers have time to enjoy the benefits of intellectual culture, the only worth while product of "civilization". Some may say that the rapid methods of transportation and labor saving inventions are the greatest products of modern times. It is true that they offer many possibilities, but under the present system, labor saving machines only increase competition, and make existence harder for the worker. And what good are rapid travel facilities to the masses, if they do not have the leasure for travel and appreciation of the beauties of the world?

I think the only useful things that civilization has produced are intellectual culture and the seeds for a material prosperity. We should not worry about the death of a plant if it leaves the seeds for a better one. That is the way with progress. I think this world will have to get back closer to nature, but at the same time, it will carry the seeds of intellectual and spiritual culture and the useful features of industrial life.

* * *

There is much discussion and some cursing about the extremes of the new generation. There are a lot of old people who believe that the young people of today are all going to the bad because they don't think in just the same way as the folks of past days. But they might as well expect them to ride in an ox cart to town as to expect their intellects to run in medieval channels. And I have noticed that most of these critics are also opposed to any new idea. They belong to the same class of people who used to oppose practically all literature on the grounds that "novels' will make people go crazy". The world could never have made any progress if these morbid old critics had been the bosses. Books would be unknown, and if evolution is true, we would still be chattering monkeys living in tree tops. It is true that our modern "flappers" are going to extremes and making mistakes, but they must learn by experience and any effort to reform the young people must come from the ranks of youth.

The Portland Oregonian makes the declaration that "the sound thinking of the world has never been the product of youth, aside from an occasional and luminous genius. Old men for council and young men for war". It overlooks the fact that the French Revolution was led almost entirely by young men and the liberal youth movement in Russia in the latter part of the last century, etc. Old men for council and young men for war may be all right as long as war continues, but would it not be better if the young men who have to do the fighting would turn around and fight the system that causes war? The old statesmen, with all their intelligence and experience, have led the world into a jungle of wars and trouble and are unable to get it out. It is now up to Youth to prepare for a new age. (By the term Youth, I not only mean the young people in general, but also older people whose minds are still full of the fire of Youth).

* * *

The question of the new age that I have mentioned leads us back to prophecy and the Bible. If one accepts the Bible unconditionally and studies it carefully, it must be obvious that we are now living in the age which precedes the millennium and we may soon expect to see the beginning of the actual "Kingdom of Christ" on earth. But horrors of horrors!! The old conservatives of the world are shocked at the new spirit of youth which even ventures to question the Bible! Instead of looking at the new viewpoints, they only resort to vulgar abuse. It is no wonder that the world is so full of atheists when we see how the orthodox churches cling to absurd theories which are opposed to both the Bible and common sense.

Why don't they give the youthful questioners more sensible answers than a lot of orthodox trash which originated in the dark ages?

* * *

A short time ago, I read that the emperor and the imperial wizard had signed an armistice to end the internal war of the K. K. K. It reminded me of Bel and zebub making an agreement to keep off each others toes.

* * *

Our orthodox preachers try to explain man's sentence of death by claiming that it only applies to bad folks and they call it the death that never dies. According to their idea, I suppose that good people get the opposite or the life that never lives.

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Editor, Managing Editor, Bus. Mgr., Publisher and Sole Owner—James L. Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

(Signed) JAMES L. PEARSON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 1st day of Apr., 1923.

J. E. Howell, J. P.

My commission expires 192

FLESH OR SPIRIT— WHICH?

Is Jesus Christ a literal human being now—a literal man composed of flesh and bones? Most people take for granted that he is, and the creeds are mostly built upon that idea.

But let's give the matter a little careful thought and see if we can learn anything about how it might be. It is generally understood that God the Father does not possess a body of literal flesh and blood and bones. God the Father is believed to be a purely Spiritual Being— a Being Who is capable of being present without being seen by our natural eyes. He is not supposed to possess a physical stomach and bowels and other bodily organs that require physical food to sustain life. Any being which depends on physical food to sustain life could not be called immortal. Because if the food supply should give out the being would die. We believe that God the Father is immortal, and we know, therefore, that He does not require physical food to keep Him alive.

Another Bible truth too plain to be denied is the fact that Jesus Christ had a pre-existance as a glorious spirit being before he became a man. On one occasion during his earthly life he prays to the Father thus; "Father, glorify me with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was". You see he laid aside that glory and humbled himself to become a man. Well, then, if he must always REMAIN a man it follows that he must always remain in a LOWER position than he once was, and in that case we can easily see that he would not get back the glory that he had with the Father before the world was. To suppose such a condition is to suppose that God refused to answer the prayer of His son, and that the son's obedience unto death resulted in his everlasting degradation. You can't get around that at all. The spirit being is higher and the human being is lower. Now if Jesus is living in heaven in a human body now, he is certainly the only human body there, and consequently he is of the LOWEST order of anything in heaven. Furthermore, if Jesus in heaven today possesses a physical body he certainly must have a stomach and bowels and all the organs of digestion and elimination. A physical human body without stomach, bowels, kidneys, etc., would not be much of a human body, and if it did possess these organs they would require to be used. What would that lead to? Why, can't you see, it would require the presence of physical food in heaven, and some of the angels would have to be cooks in order to prepare it for the table. Think of an angel (which has no physical body) sweating over a cook-stove in heaven to prepare a meal for Jesus! And think of Jesus sitting down to the table all alone, while his Father and the angels could live without eating! In that case, wouldn't it have been better for Jesus if he had never become a man? Can't you see that the mere fact of tying a human body to him will be a handicap and a hindrance to him throughout eternity?

It does not solve the problem to say that the Lord's body has been so changed that it does not require food. If that is the case, then his stomach, bowels, kidneys, etc., will NEVER be needed any more. But if they are never to be needed any more, why drag them around with him through eternity? That would seem to be a good deal of wasted energy or lost motion. Why not get rid of any incumbrance that was never to be needed any more?

When we dig down into the subject and begin to reason it out, and when we consider the nature of the work that Jesus is to do in the future ages, we are forced to the conclusion that a physical human body would be a hindrance to him rather than a help. Of course if he was by nature a human personality then he would need a human body; but since he is a spirit being and only took a human form for a particular purpose—then, having performed that purpose, he does not need the human body any more.

Unless we charge that the Bible is a modern forgery, we are forced to admit that prophecy, up to date, has been remarkably accurate. The vision of Daniel occured before the fall of Babylon (538 B. C.) and in it, he saw events that happened later. He saw the power of Xerxes and his war on Greece years before the birth of Xerxes and the conquest of Persia was foretold more than one hundred and eighty years before the birth of Alexander the Great.

The Haldeman-Julius Weekly states that King Alfonso of Spain buys about one hundred new suits each year and changes his shirt and collar three times a day. He spends something like $10,000 per year on clothes. That is one of Europe's greatest dis-eases. The workers have to go in rags to satisfy the vanity of an autocrat. But if that smart eleck of a king isn't careful, he will find himself in the same position of Nicholas Romanoff when the soviets got hold of his scalp.

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PEARSON'S PAPER

(Formerly The Fool-Killer)

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"HOW LONG TO THE END?"

I have just read a very interesting little book called "How Long to the End?" written by W. R. Young, formerly editor of Messiah's Advocate. Mr. Young belongs to the Adventist group, and in this little book he claims to have found the key to the mysterious 12th chapter of Daniel. Although claiming to be an Adventist, the author has brought out some calculations in connection with chronology and the "time features" of prophecy that have heretofore been taught only by the Bible Students. He uses a chronology which is slightly different from Russell's, and he makes a different application of it in some places, but the final result as to time is almost the same that the Bible Students get. He correctly understands the "seven times" punishment of the Jews to be 2,520 years, but he begins his count a few years later than the Bible Students, and ends it in 1924, when he expects the "end of time" to come and everything to be wound up in one literal day. He knows nothing about the Jubilee Periods, and has no place in his scheme for the thousand years Millenial reign. He is just looking for a sudden visible coming of Christ, a sudden resurrection of the dead, a sudden burning up of all evil in the world, and a sudden establishment of an absolutely perfect paradise on earth.

The trouble with Mr. Young and many of his Adventist followers is that they are looking for the wrong thing at the right time. Their dates are in pretty close agreement with Bible Student dates, and therefore they must be very near right. Something of far-reching importance is going to happen to this old world pretty soon. Any person can easily see that, even without any help from the Bible. But the old theology has led people astray until even those who get the "time features" figured out right are in danger of looking for the wrong sort of an event to take place at the time appointed. William Miller did some figuring and some time-setting a good many years ago, and he was going to have the "end of time" come in 1844. Well, the "end of time" didn't come in 1844, and there was wide-spread disappointment among the Adventists. Now the mistake was not in the time-setting. The date was right. But they were looking for the wrong thing and got disappointed. Other dates have been set for the "end of time" to come, and the dates were right for something to happen, but not the thing they were looking for.

And our friend Mr. Young is going to repeat the experience. He has set a definite date for certain definite events to take place—the end of time, the coming of Christ, the resurrection, the judgment, the destruction of the wicked, the establishment of a perfect paradise on earth—and he will not see them. Hence he will have to conclude that his time-setting was wrong. Now if Mr. Young and the rest of the Adventists could only be taught to look for the right thing in 1924 or somewhere near that date they could save themselves from a big disappointment. In the first place, there will not be any "end of time", either in 1924 or in any other year. There will not be any literal trumpet blown in the skies, and there will not be any visible coming of Jesus with great lights shining and a big demonstration that all the world will see. The resurrection of the dead will not occur all in one literal day, but will continue through a period of one thousand years. Sin and evil will not be done away with suddenly, and paradise will be established by a slow and gradual process. Hundreds of years after Christ has been reigning over the earth there will still be some sin and some bad people living in the world. It will take a whole thousand years to get the sin all removed and to bring the earth to a state of Edenic perfection. There must necessarily be some year when all this will legally begin, but that particular year will not bring change enough to be distinctly noticeable. In fact, we can see that great changes are already going on and they will continue to go on much in the same manner for some years to come. There will not be any definite year that you can put your finger on and say, "Paradise started right here". It will come gradually, and after awhile you can see that it has certainly come, but you will not be able to say exactly when it came. Paradise and all that comes with it will come a good deal as the automobile has come—in a perfectly natural and gradual manner. The world is full of automobiles today, and we can say in a general way that they have been here for fifteen or twenty years, but we can't name any particular year when they came. To be sure, there was some year when the first automobile was actually made, but the world paid no attention to that. It was only after they began to arrive in large numbers that we noticed it much. And that's just the way our earthly paradise will come. So far as outward and visible indications are concerned, men will do most of it themselves, just as they have made the automobile, the electric light, the radio, and so many modern wonders. Some of the things that will make paradise are already here, and others are coming every year. It is all working according to God's divine plan, and His hand is in it all, but He uses men to do the work.

The Adventists are mighty good people, and they have been very helpful in getting the prophetic time periods figured out. And now the main thing they lack is an understanding of what to look for on the dates which they have set.

(Advertisement)

PEARSON'S POEMS

The Complete Poetical Works of James Larkin Pearson, a well-known Southern poet. This book contains every poem that Mr. Pearson has ever written which he considers worthy of preservation in book form. It is a large book of about 350 pages, and the poems are arranged in the order in which they were written, beginning at the age of 12 and coming on down to the present, showig the progress and improvement which the author has made during the years since 1891.

Many of the early poems are simple and immature, as might be expected, and they are included mainly for sentimental reasons. But further along in the book the power begins to be felt and it rises into real poetry—the kind that thrills and inspires. Some of America's ablest critics have praised Pearson's work, and the chances are that in future years he will take his place somewhere near the top of the list of Southern poets.

Pearson's Poems is not quite ready for delivery yet. We plan to have it ready by the 13th of September. It will be printed on the finest of heavy book paper and beautifully bound in cloth, with title page stamped in gold. It will contain about 350 pages, will weigh nearly two pounds, and the price will be $2.00. But we are now making a special pre-publication offer of $1.50. If you will send your order now, with cash remittance, you may have "Pearson's Poems" for $1.50, and the book will be sent to you postpaid as soon as ready. Send your order now and save 50 cents.

THE JOYCRAFTERS, Boomer, N. C.

PARAGRAPHS.

Smile—even if it cracks your face.

The only way to get value is to give value. Be square.

Doubt and Fear are the devil's match hosses.

Faith and Hope are God's match hosses.

If the word "fail" is in your dictionary—cut it out.

Hurry and Worry are another team from the devil's livery stable.

A live wire has to be charged—therefore I charge you to be a live wire.

The "smile that never comes off" is in great demand. You got one?

Don't even think a crooked thought, much less act one. Be straight. Be honest.

Falling down isn't any crime, but lying there and crying is. Get up.

When you are fishing for success you mustn't bait with a long face.

Failure always keeps company with the man who will recognize her as an equal.

The head that can't be used for thinking purpose isn't of much value for anything else. How is your head?

The man who is a saint on Sunday and a rascal the rest of the week is worse than the man who is a rascal all the time.

If you ever climb high you've got to use something for stepping-stones. Your failures will answer the purpose all right. Try them.

It might be a mistake to have Henry Ford for president but it would certainly be a smaller mistake than to have anybody else that I know of. If he would be a mistake, then anybody else would be a fatal calamity.

It is all right to have fun sometimes, but this is a time in the world's history when mere fun cannot satisfy. The conditions today are such as demand serious thinking. But don't get blue and despondent over it. Be a Joycrafter.

THE JOYCRAFTERS

(By Cora Wallace Pearson)

HOW TO BE A JOYCRAFTER

Think Joy-thoughts for the Building of Health and Happiness.

For "As a Man Thinketh in His Heart (mind) So Is He."

HOW TO THINK:—"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Philippians 4:8

Oliver Bryan and wife, Rt 3, Box 130, Fullerton, Calif. call attention to a bad mistake in the February Joycrafter article. The scripture verse quoted at the top of this page is to be found in Philippians 4:8 instead of Ephesians. I am glad to make the correction, for as Mr. Bryan says, some would say it is not in the Bible at all because they failed to find it in Ephesians. Sometimes memory cannot be trusted too implicitly. Along with the correction, these good people send some handsome bouquets for the Joycrafters, which makes us feel like "going on," and as another correspondent suggests in the following letter which is too good to keep all to ourselves:

My dear Madam:

Enclosed find 50 cents for my subscription to Pearson's Paper. This is an incentive, or a suggestion, or a request that "The Joycrafters" become a permanent department in your paper. Some other title might suit me better, but I care little for the title. Your happy way of couching the lesson of the power of thought, the art or science of constructive suggestion is (if you continue it) going to be a valuable asset. It should be of intrinsic value to your subscribers. A short lesson each month, couched in your joyous, winsome way should multiply your subscription by ten. I know of no other lessons so helpful to suffering, grouchy humanity as the lesson of self control, which of course means thought-control. I have been a student along these lines for forty years, and I have just finished reading the most profound book that I have come across, "Mental Chemistry", by Chas F. Haanel, St. Louis. Mr. Haanel is author of the Master Key System.

Here is hoping that you may become a great benefactor to humanity.

D. R. BALDWIN,
Roberts, Mont.

* * *

If some of you 100 per cent masculine men think this Joycrafter page only "women and children stuff" you don't have to read it. A large percentage of the readers of this paper are women, as intelligent as any man of you, too. Most of you think enough of the women to work all sorts of games to get one to live with you for "better or for worse" (and often it's for worse.) So if you don't like this page the chances are she will.

One poor fellow writes that Pearson's Paper is too yellow! Says he had about a dozen fellows ready to subscribe for The Fool-Killer, but when they saw it had been changed to a "yellow sheet" they didn't want it. All right. It depends on the color of the glasses one wears, you know. The poor fellow says he is a free-thinker and proud of it, and can't see that there is any life at all hereafter. So that accounts for the sickly yellow color of the mental glasses through which he gets his outlook on life. The "official glasses" of the Joycrafters are strictly rose-colored. Have you got your pair yet?

* * *

Have you put in plenty of green growing things this month? If not do it yet. Along with the green vegetables to feed the body with vitamines, don't forget the flowers and things to feed the mind through the medium of the eye. We grow to a great extent like unto what we look at with the eye and hear with the ear—because those are the two principal mediums through which our minds receive the suggestions that make us what we are both in body and in character. Bad food, careless eating and other abuses of the body will lead to physical weakness and disease, and wrong feeding of the mind will produce the same result in the mind. If we habitually look at disorder and ugliness it surely has an effect on our character. If we habitually listen to evil, discordant sounds (like jazzy jigs, evil gossip and slander or a nagging tongue) our minds are in danger of growing like the minds that produce them.

So why not let's have a general "spring housecleaning" mentally as well as literally, and do what we can to make our environment worth looking at, listening to and thinking about. Each of us knows just what we can do, so this is not a challenge to do something impossible. If you are physically unable to dig a flower bed, no doubt you can find someone else to do it. And if you are able to be out maybe you can keep the weeds pulled out of it. Or if you are confined in the house, have them put the flower bed where you can see it through the window. "A merry heart doeth good like medicine," and anything that adds a touch of gladness in your heart will have a healing effect. Sick people who don't appreciate flowers don't deserve to get well. Once the great poet Riley while sick received a bunch of roses from the great Eugene Debs, and the poet wrote Debs a poem, part of which I quote here:

"You've ketched him 'fore now when his liver was sound,
And his appetite notched like a saw—
A-mockin' you, mebbe, fer romancin' round
With a big posy-bunch in yer paw;
But you ketch him, say, when his health is away,
An' he's flat on his back in distress,
And then ye can trot out yer little bokay,
An' not be insulted, I guess" -

* * *

And while talking about the "green growing things" let's talk a little more about the vitamines. The food scientists say they are abundant in all green vegetables and fruits when eaten raw. But as Eugene Christian says, it is preposterous to apply the word "raw" with some of its dictionary meanings to things that nature turns out all ready for eating and which are made inferior both in taste and healthfulness by cooking. God did not hang a rosy-red apple or a velvety pink peach on a tree for us to take off and pare off its beautiful skin and throw it away, slice its juicy delicious flesh and cook it into a mush, or make still more unhealthful by mixing with starchy pastry and "sugar and spice and all things nice." It took Mother Nature several weeks to cook it just to the right "turn" in her great open-air and warm sunshine oven. And she put in just the right amount of sugar it needed, too.

So if the food scientists are right we should eat lots of uncooked vegetables and fruits, and what vegetables need to be cooked should not be overcooked. as cooking to a great extent destroys the vitamines or life-giving qualities. And if water in which vegetables are boiled is thrown away, these life-giving elements are thrown away with it. Right thinking alone will not make the sick world well—only in so far as it also leads people to learn all about nature's laws regarding food, etc.

Being somewhat of a "food crank," you will probably hear more talk along this line. It all comes along in the making of joy in our lives, and that's what we Joycrafters are looking for, isn't it?

* * *

Mrs. L. A. Matlock, Rutledge, Mo., writes: "I'm wondering if we Joycrafters who believe in Pearson's Paper could have a badge or pin to wear, to show that we belong? Would gladly wear mine."

Now that isn't a bad idea, at all, and entirely possible if all you Joycrafters are as generous as Mrs. Matlock was in her free-will offering "for the good of the cause." We'll get to work on the idea and see what we can do.

* * *

"Talk happiness every chance you get,
And talk it good and strong;
Look for it in the byways
As you grimly pass along.

Perhaps it is a stranger now
Whose visit never comes;
But talk it. Soon you'll find that you
And happiness are chums".

* * *

This is the season of the year when all Nature is awaking into new life—a season that inspires thoughts of the resurrection of the dead. All who are Christians and believe the Bible at all believe in a future resurrection of the dead. Take that out of the Bible and there is nothing else left. But one can easily imagine the great consternation such an event would create among the masses if it should be this year, next year or any time soon, as some think. Most people who believe in a literal resurrection are not looking for it in their own life-time. They have only a vague idea of it being sometime in the far distant future. They have not stopped to consider that some people will be living on the earth at the time it does happen, and not having studied the time-periods given in prophecy they are blind to the fact that we are right now in the time of the end. That being so, it is certain that all the great events prophesied for this time of the end may be looked for at any time. There are different views as to when and where and how the resurrection will be, some of which no doubt are pure speculation. The matter of time and place and manner, however, is immaterial to those of us who know that it is to be a reality, for we can trust God to carry out His plans in His own way, because we believe it will be the wisest, most loving and most divinely just way. To say the least, it will be an exciting time for even those who are ready and looking for it, and what about those who are not ready and looking?

We frequently hear the question: "Is Christianity a failure"? Something has failed but we think it is Churchanity instead of Christianity.

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS

As several people have recently asked for an explanation of the parable of the rich man and Lazarus as given in Luke 16:19-31, and which the orthodox people use as positive proof of the eternal torment of the wicked, the following is the only reasonable and harmonious explanation to be given:

We have every reason to believe that Christ was relating this as a parable, because he often used parables to illustrate truths in his teachings. Turn to the 15th chapter of Luke and read on through the 16th and you will see that Jesus is giving a whole string of parables all along together, and in the third verse of the 15th chapter it plainly SAYS that they are parables. Now what is a parable? There is nothing like the dictionary to straighten us out sometimes, and it says a parable is "a short religious allegory, or an obscure teaching." And turning to the word "allegory" we find it means anything used merely to ILLUSTRATE a truth. So it is just another piece of guess-work to say that there was a real Rich Man and Lazarus and a place of torment. And even if that parable were meant to teach that there is (or will be) a place of torment, carefully notice that it does not say a place of ETERNAL torment.

Of course there will be a place of punishment for the wicked. At some time and at some place every sinner will receive the full punishment for his sins, and no one doubts that that punishment will be torment while it lasts. But though the duration of it may be according to what he deserves, in no case have we any proof here that it will last eternally.

Again, notice the parable does not say the rich man was a bad man, neither does it say the poor beggar Lazarus was a good man; so it is another piece of guess-work to say they represented the bad and good people. According to that theory every rich man must certainly go to hell, no matter how good he is; and every beggar, no matter how filthy and mean he is, will go right straight to heaven. That would send Abraham and David and Solomon to hell. Surely there is nobody foolish enough to believe that every rich man in the world is a devil, or that every beggar is a saint. We all know there are some rich men who are good, and lots of poor men who are bad. So it is a self-evident fact that these two men in the parable cannot be taken to represent the saved and the lost in eternity.

The only true and reasonable interpretation of this parable is that it is a dispensational picture of the Jews and the Gentiles. The rich man represents the Jewish people while they were enjoying the special favor of God and before they were "cast off". You know God selected the Jews as His "chosen people", and His special favor and blessing set them up in a position far superior to any other people. They were rich and wore the purple and fine linen of royalty and were greatly honored in every way. The Gentiles, on the other hand, were poor, pitiful, dependent creatures. They were looked upon as beggars, and even referred to as dogs. Jesus himself spoke of the Gentiles as dogs. Don't you remember where the Syrophenician woman came to Jesus and begged him to heal her daughter? See Mark 7:25-28. Just listen how Jesus answered the woman: "Let the children (Jews) first be filled; for it is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it unto the dogs", (Gentiles). That sounds like the most unkind thing Jesus ever said, but he was using it to teach a lesson. The poor old Gentile woman was accustomed to hearing her people spoken of as dogs, and so it did not make her mad. She answered very humbly, "Yes, Lord; yet the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs". Don't you see how perfectly that harmonizes with the beggar Lazarus (the Gentile dog) who desired to be fed with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table?

But the Jews became wicked and disobedient and God withdrew His favor from them and gave it to the Gentiles. That was when both classes "died", figuratively speaking. That is, they ceased to exist in their former condition. The Jews were no longer a nation, and hence they were dead nationally. As a nation they were in Hades (which means the grave—the death condition—and not a place of burning). But as individuals they were still alive, and they were driven out and scattered among the nations, and they were persecuted (tormented) throughout the earth. That is the only way that a people could be dead and in the grave (Hades) and still be alive and tormented. Nationally dead, but individually alive. The Jews were the real children of Abraham, and hence they very naturally occupied a place in "Abraham's bosom". But when they became disobedient and were cast off, they temporarily lost that relation of sonship with Abraham. So we see Lazarus being carried to Abraham's bosom, which represents the Gentiles as taking the place of the Jews in the Abrahamic favor with God.

You notice that the rich man, calling out of hell unto Abraham, addresses him as "Father Abraham". And you notice that Abraham acknowledges the kinship by addressing the rich man in hell as "Son". Now anybody knows that a lost soul forever doomed in the orthodox hell would not dare to call Abraham "Father", and it is still more certain that Abraham would not acknowledge such a creature to be his "son".

But if we take the rich man to represent the Jewish people and Lazarus to represent the Gentiles, we can readily see the harmony of it all. Even though the Jews are temporarily cast off and rejected, yet in God's due time they are going to be restored again, and so it is permissible to call them "sons" even while they are in the cast-off condition. This interpretation makes every part fit and harmonize with every other part, and it is the only possible way that the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus can be made to mean ANYTHING.

JOYCRAFTER IDEALS

By the Associate Editor

A wonderful world could be ours if we would only accept it. There are sufficient resources on this earth to make it a real heaven of enjoyment. Perfect health could be obtained by a strict obedience to nature's laws; poverty could be destroyed by the right system of industry and the proper method for its distribution while wars could be abolished and wonderful improvements accomplished by the proper method of goverment. No greater amount of physical labor would be necessary than everyone should have for health and enjoyment, for true happiness cannot be obtained by idleness. This world could be made happier and more glorious than the greatest imagination can conceive.

And why isn't it? Because of the selfishness of the human race with its various products like capitalism, militarism, extreme nationalism and the every-day manifestations of greed. Capitalism, in itself, is not the only enemy the masses have to face, for it is only one of the many products of selfishness. This barrier is so great that it seems human strength alone is not capable of overcoming it. However, if we can't change the world, it should be the duty of every Joycrafter to try to change ourselves and improve our own lives. We should form a mental picture of a perfect citizen of a perfect world and always strive to reach our ideal. The first step we should take is to purify our minds as far as possible. Let us banish thoughts of selfishness, all pessimistic attitudes and morbid and diseased views on life. The next thing is to store the mind with constructive thoughts of joy and happiness. This we can do by surrounding ourselves with the beautiful things of nature, the right kinds of books, and by using the Coue method of suggesting optimistic thoughts to ourselves.

While we are improving our minds we should also give attention to our physical condition. Our opportunity for service to the world is greatly limited, if we are always ill and requiring attention. In the first place, we should study the food problem and only eat things that help us and do not injure the health. I want to say a few words for vegetarianism. Many people think they can't live without meat, but if they will carefully study the matter, they will find other foods that will take the place of meat with better results to the health. Besides, it is impossible for one with an elevated mind who possesses aesthetic and artistic qualities to kill harmless animals without a feeling of repugnance. We would be happier and have better health if we would listen to this feeling and live on the vegetables and fruits provided for us by nature. We should also spend as much time in the open air and live as close to nature as possible. Many of the evils of our modern civilization are caused by getting too far away from nature.

We should also support everything that is likely to make the world better. Let us not be chained to religious or other beliefs because of prejudice or the fact that our parents believed in them. They might be wrong and we should study and investigate them for ourselves. There are many worth while movements which would improve the world—the Esperanto language movement, for instance. There is perhaps no one single factor that could do more for international peace than the Esperanto language. If all people could speak one international language and become acquainted with each other, war would soon disappear. Esperanto is the ideal international language because one can learn it in a very short time and it is about equally easy for people who speak English, French, Spanish or any of the other great languages of the world. The word Esperanto signifies one who hopes.

Let us, who believe in the Joycrafter movement, strive to make the world better because we live in it.

Prof. Einstein claims that he has made a discovery that will produce a greater sensation than the theory of relativity. If Prof. Einstein's relative speed in discovery continues to relatively increase, perhaps in the near future, we may have to revise all the text books including the 'rithmetic.

Pearson's Paper

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY

THE JOYCRAFTERS

BOOMER, NORTH CAROLINA

James Larkin Pearson, Editor
Paul Crouch, Associate Editor

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INSTRUCTIONS

When you send in clubs it is not necessary to write long letters. A correct list of names and addresses, with money order or check to cover same, is enough. It is best to use my printed order blanks, a supply of which will be sent on request.

If you have something important to say, condense it all you can and write it on a separate sheet of paper. Remember I am very busy, and it takes lots of time to read long letters, to say nothing of answering them. I would like to write personal letters to all of you friends every little bit, but it is impossible.

If you fail to get the paper within a reasonable time, let me know, but do it in a friendly way. Don't kick and raise a fuss, for I am doing the very best I can.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Boomer, - - - North Carolina.

"BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS"

A Little Book of Verses by Cora Wallace Pearson.

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of the The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographal Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both booklets together for 25 cents. Order today—right now. Address:

THE JOYCRAFTERS,
Boomer, N. C.

We learn from the Bible that the church is to be the bride of Christ. It is the usual opinion of young men that a bride is to be won by words of love, yet we are told by our preacher that it is the fear of hell that causes people to be Christians. Now would a girl love a boy who threatened to punish her if she did not marry him? These preachers seem to think that Christ does not have as much common sense as the average boy.

THE GOOSE-STEP

By Paul Crouch

For some time, the editor's good friend, Upton Sinclair, of Pasadena, Cal., who is one of the world's most prominent writers, has been sending him complimentary copies of his books as soon as issued.

Mr. Sinclair follows the Russian idea of literature by portraying reality without regard to its beauty. There are times when we would like to rest in the shade and forget that evils like capitalism, the struggle for existence and political corruption exist in the world today. But that is not Sinclair's plan. He calls us back to them by realistic descriptions in his books. They contain so much pepper that capitalistic book reviewers can't read them without sneezing some vulgar abuse at the author. However, most of the plute reviewers keep out of Sinclair's way because he uses the unusual method of proving his statements.

It is impossible for us to see how Mr. Sinclair can write so many books and keep well informed on almost every subject, but he appears to be acquainted with practically everything from the commonplace happenings of everyday life to the inside management of American universities. His latest book, "The Goose-Step," deals with the latter subject. He obtained the name of his book from the famous "goose-step" of the German army. In it, he presents almost five hundred pages of startling evidence showing that our American universities are operated on the same plan as the old German military machine. "The Goose-Step" gives us an insight into conditions in our colleges and universities which the average American citizen would never dream about. It shows that the colleges and universities with scarcely a single exception, are dominated by big business through a cunning scheme of interlocking directorates. In other words, the same men who are the controlling power in Big Business are also the directing heads of the college trust.

In the first part of his book, Mr. Sinclair gives a very interesting narrative of his own school and college days. He has had considerable personal experience in our educational machine and he tells us that while at Columbia University, he started many courses which he did not continue because he discovered they had little practical value. While most of the book is a study of the evils in college and university management, it is not all negative criticism and has a number of valuable suggestions. In a chapter entitled: The League of Youth, Mr. Sinclair says: "I have shown you the League of Old Men, suppressing thought and wrecking the world; and now here is the answer— the League of Youth!" In this sentence, Mr. Sinclair strikes the keynote of progress. A League of Youth! I think it should embrace not only those who are young in years but also those who are young and unprejudiced in mind. A movement of this kind, organized or spontaneous, would do much to help break down the barriers of autocracy, militarism and ignorance which are retarding the progress of the world.

PARAGRAPHS.

We have listened to so much dogma from bulldog clergymen that we have decided to think as we doggon please.

* * *

The war instinct is so strong that astromomers and scientist usually discuss the habitability of Mars and hardly give Venus a thought.

* * *

They say the Far North has been warmer than common this winter. Maybe somebody has started a theological argument up there. That always warms things up.

* * *

We should cheer up! In America we have a Ku Klux Klan, one half quarrelling with its tuther half, but in Italy, they have a similar movement in control of the government.

* * *

Dr. Grant has written a book on the "Religion of Main Street". I wonder if this religion isn't a third cousin to the religion of the western North Carolina mountain section dosed out to us by our local orthodoctors.

* * *

When I owe Uncle Sam a little tad of money he isnt willing to wait sixty-three years for it. But he can wait with Jawn Bull. Shucks, I guess Sam had just as well cancel Jawn's account, anyhow. This-here international finance has just about run itself into the ground.

* * *

Anatole France explains that books affect the mind in a manner similar to the fingers of a musician playing on the strings of a musical instrument. An excellent comparison. This enlightenes us as to why so many people can't appreciate good literature. Their mental strings are loose and need tightning. Perhaps some of them are broken. The best musician can't make music on a poor instrument, so if you don't enjoy good reading, please don't blame the books.

It amuses me to read the names that some of the new writers are now giving to their new books. One is called "Damned," and another is called "The Fool." But I'd better hush before you accuse me of cussing.

* * *

Bang! What's that? Just another explosion from an orthodox theologician who thinks Pearson's Paper, as well as its editorial staff, is going to hell because it doesn't scare innocent children with ghastly tales of an eternal torment. These morbid folks occasionally try to touch us with a forty mile pole, but they usually keep out of our way. They are afraid of the truth.

* * *

In the last issue of Pearson's Paper, the attention of the reader was called the klucks made by the K. K. K. But recently a new sound has been coming from the internal organs of the Klan. It resembles a combination of the cries made by a bad boy while his mother administers the shingle and the sound of chinaware falling on the floor. These sounds seem to indicate that the Ku Klux is kracking.

* * *

A late issue of the Nation gives a thrilling account of the Fascisti Reign of Terror in Italy. Mussolini, who formerly called himself a Socialist but is now boss of the "black shirt" (Fascisti) movement, has made himself dictator of Italy. He lets the people know it by forcing them to vote for him. If they refuse to do so, they are forced to drink a large quanity of castor oil. Other press dispatches from Italy state that Mussolini has decided not to give suffrage to women at the present time. Italian women who are opposed to the "black shirt" boss should thank him for freeing them from the castor oil menace.

On account of the sickness and death of the editor's brother, John M. Pearson, we were unable to publish the April issue of Pearson's Paper. For the same reason, the editor has been unable to finish the poem begun in last issue of this paper. He has had to turn almost the entire editorship over to his associates, who have done the best they could.

The force of evil (the cause of sickness and death) against which we have been battling here at Joycrafter headquarters was beyond our control. But the river of peace can flow deep, and the storms that sweep across it cannot uproot the everlasting foundation principles of truth on which our Joycrafter ideals are anchored.

PEARSON'S PAPER

(Formerly The Fool-Killer)

Volume XII. Boomer, North Carolina, U. S. A., May, 1923. Number 11.

"JUST TALK"

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

Seems like there is no better way for me to fill up this paper than to just start out and "talk" about whatever comes into my mind. That was the method used for January and February, and it seemed to give satisfaction. So I have a great mind to adopt that as my regular method of writing the juice for this paper. It has the advantage of being easier, for one thing—much easier than to write a dozen or so of formal headed articles. In fact, if nothing else will do, I can sift a few "heads" into it, anyhow, and still let it run straight along. It will be read, all right—I am not uneasy about that.

* * *

The world continues to be so full of sensations that a fellow hardly knows what to talk about first. By "sensations" I don't mean merely the cheap and shallow gossip that the newspapers indulge in. I mean that the world is full of BIG subjects that really do deserve to be known and discussed by all intelligent people. The hurrying current of events is sweeping us on into—SOMETHING, and it is only natural for us to want to learn all we can about what's ahead of us.

* * *

Take Archeology, for instance. That is a big word, and some of you folks may think it is too big for you to tackle. You may think it is out of your line. But it isn't. Archeology is just now doing things that everybody ought to know about. The biggest single thing it has done lately is the discovery of the tomb of old King Tut, one of the Pharaoh who ruled over Egypt about 3,400 years ago. The papers and magazines have all been full of it and you could not have missed it if you read very much. They are about to decide that this same Tut was the identical Pharaoh who oppressed the Children of Israel and whose army got drowned in the Red Sea. He seems to have lived and died in great power and splendor, judging by the abundance of treasures found in his tomb. Millions of dollars worth of gold and Jewels and precious stones, all burial there in an underground palace where they have been hidden for more than three thousand years. And now all these things are brought forth to throw light on how a king lived and died in that far-off time. The king himself has not yet been brought out and shown to the world. We are waiting for that. It will be the biggest sensation of all. They have every reason to believe he is in there, and when they finally open the big jewelled casket they will look straight into the dried up features of a king who reigned in the time of Moses. No doubt he is as dry and crusty as an old beef hide. All this takes us back so far into the past that it seems almost like a dream. But it is very real, and there is no telling how much valuable information about the old times will be available when all this stuff is classified and made public.

* * *

Archeology is also busy in many other places. Many old buried cities in different parts of the world are being excavated Arrangements have just been made to dig up the old City of David which lies outside of the present wall of Jerusalem. It is reasonable to expect that this will bring to light much new knowledge about old Bible times, and possibly the tombs of some of the old patriarchs and prophets may be found. It is entirely probable that many ancient writings will be discovered there. They are also digging at different places along the valley of the Jordan, as well as in Egypt, Mesopotamia, and elsewhere. In fact, it seems that the business of digging up buried cities and hunting for the records of old times is just now getting well started. All over the world it is going on at a rate never before dreamed of. What does it mean? And why have all these buried treasures remained hidden until now? It is easy enough. The DUE TIME has come for these things to be brought to light. The world has grown very skeptical in these days and must have proof that the Bible is true. Well, we are likely to get some proof pretty soon that will startle the world and create even a bigger sensation than the finding of King Tut's tomb. Keep your eye on the spade of the archeologist.

* * *

And now they are having an awful fuss over the "heresies" which are being preached by the Rev. Dr. Percy Grant, rector of an Episcopal church in New York. Dr. Grant is one of the modern educated thinkers, and he has kicked plum out of the orthodox traces and uttered some remarks that sound very terrible to Bishop Manning's orthodox ears. There was talk of a heresy trial, but Dr. Grant's heresies are proving to be so popular that Bishop Manning is about to get cold feet and let the heresy trial drop. And it seems, then, that a preacher who is practically an agnostic and who openly denies nearly all the beliefs of his church, is still allowed to occupy his pulpit and preach his unbelief to a crowded house. It isn't strange that men will hold such views as Dr. Grant holds. The strange thing is that he can stay in an orthodox pulpit and defy his Bishop to put him out. But I am glad it is so. My sympathies are all with Dr. Grant in this fight. Not that I agree with Dr. Grant by any means. There is much more truth in his teaching than there is in the teachings of orthodoxy, but in some important respects he is away off the track. The curious thing is that he can be so unorthodox and still be so popular. It seems to prove that a man can believe and teach just anything he pleases—except the TRUTH. Get just as far away from orthodoxy as you want to. Advocate evolution, infidelity, or anything. You can get away with that. You can even make yourself popular doing it. But don't you dare to venture near the Truth. The minute you do you are ruined. You cannot afford to accept the Truth unless you are willing to be misunderstood and persecuted. Dr. Grant has some half-truths. Or maybe I might say he has some negative truths. But he merely denies certain orthodox errors and has nothing positive to take their place. For instance, he denies that Jesus, while on earth, had the power of God—denies the orthodox claim that Jesus really WAS God. Well, he is right about that. Jesus was not God while on earth, and he never claimed to be. He said, "The Father is greater than I", and other things like that. Hence he was nothing more than a perfect human being. But Dr. Grant stops there, and he fails to get hold of the fact that Jesus had a pre-human existence—that he was a powerful spirit being in heaven BEFORE he was a man. And that at his resurrection he ceased to be a man and became a spirit being again. Two changes of nature—from spirit to human, and then from human back to spirit. Dr. Grant seems to think Jesus was NEVER anything but a man, and never will be anything else. In fact, he don't seem to believe that Jesus was raised from the dead, or that anybody will ever be raised. In his opinion Jesus does not amount to anything except as a model, an example, a pattern to live by.

JOHN BULL'S ROAR

People who still think the diplomats are working for the benefit of the common man should give their attention to the Near East squabble. After the World War, the nations thought the Turkey which caused so much trouble in the past was dead, and they started to make plans for a big juicy dinner. Imagine their consternation when they discovered that Turkey was alive and had absorbed so much Greece that there was not enough sop left to supply a decent throne for some other king's younger son.

But worse than that, there was enough oil in the Turkey to make an excellent pie, and John Bull was expecting to eat most of it himself. So when he discovered that he was in danger of losing his dinner, his rage and disappointment knew no limits. His first thought was to kick some oil out of the Turkey, but when he discovered that he could not do so without hurting his foot, he turned around and looked for help. His conscience came to his rescue and he thought of the poor Christian Armenians who were being persecuted by the dreadful Turkey. Of course the fact that Mr. Bull had given no attention to the persecution of Christians on the European feeding grounds of the Turkey in past years made no difference, for he was not so hungry then, and it is well known that Mr. Bull's brain, heart and conscience are located in his gizzard.

Mr. Bull was very anxious to get Uncle Sem to come over and help him secure his oil so he could ease his conscience. But latest press dispatches seem to indicate that when Uncle Sam looked over the matter, he decided to have the oil pie for himself. Now Mr. Bull is more enraged than ever.

America is still being fed up on lies about Russia, and nobody ever gets any truth on the subject. But just wait. You'll get some facts from the realm of the late Mr. Romanoff by and by. And they will be interesting facts, too.

I am not going to allow my name to be used as a candidate for president. Are you?

THE JOYCRAFTERS

(By Cora Wallace Pearson)

As a great many readers have expressed appreciation of "The Joycrafters" in the February issue, the editor invites us to "come again"—and whenever we please.

* * *

One 80-year kid, Uncle Joe Patrick, Box 182 Keystone, Okla., writes that he was both surprised and astonished when he read the Joycrafter article, because he had always had an idea that all the editor's wife could do was to go along and pick up the litter and muss that Pearson made in cutting his monkey-shines! That stirred up my avenging spirit as well as my risibles, and I have a desire to continue to shock him.

* * *

During these last dozen strenuous years of close proximity to a radical newspaper office, I've had opportunity to hear and read of a great many different things existing in our world today, many of which would "shock" the average woman. And they shocked me at first. Naturally cautious, I have stood on a sort of neutral mount of observation on the good old "middle ground" of proverbial fame, thus being able to view the whole panorama much better than if darting here and there and everywhere in the turmoil of searchers for the truth. And the more I observe and the more conflicting isms and ideas I get hold of, the less I find I know. However, I am convinced of one thing—the world is too big and the scale of human life too long and varied for the Creator of the whole to have all His Truth tucked away in one little corner or in one little man's head. So I do not condemn where I cannot understand, but steer clear of any man that exalts himself or any cult that says it is THE truth and the ONLY truth.

Being no scholar, I could not write learnedly and exhaustively on any particular subject, but have reached a few conclusions from my limited study of our remarkable present-day conditions, and human life in general.

* * *

Prof. J. H. Allen, Panama City, Fla., who is a "suggestion healer," writes a friendly criticism of the Joycrafter article, which follows in part:

"You create, cause, and maintain your condition by acknowledging the existence of same, and that it is daily—thus projecting it into the future. That does not 'jibe' with the statement further on, "Think joy-thoughts for the building of health and happiness." That's right, but at antipodes to the thought, 'I am sick every day of my life— always expect to be.' 'As a man thinketh in his heart (mind, soul, spirit) so is he,' is absolutely true. Further on you quote Ephesians 4:8 where Lovely is one of the sort of things we are advised to think on. Daily chronic dis-ease is not lovely, therefore we should not think on it. Nay, verily, we can't think of disease without fearing it, and Job said, 'Verily, that which I feared hath come upon me'".

Prof. Allen is right. Sure enough, I certainly did not help my condition by projecting into the minds of thousands a mental picture of a sick woman. So remember, folkses, I AM NOT SICK! When you have occasion to think of me at all, do it something like this:

"Day by day, in every way,
She is getting better and better."

They say our thoughts will travel over waves of the air for miles and miles. If that's so (and it is not unreasonable in the light of the modern radio wonder) we can all help each other by sending out only good and healing messages. If you don't believe that, get out of the rut. We're living in a new age of wonders. I don't believe God would have created such a mysterious being as man without endowing him with mysterious powers. The world is just beginning to find out about some of these wonderful powers, which proves that the time is getting near when man can be trusted to use them for a good purpose only—because the devil's time is short.

* * *

Mrs. L. E. Rugg, Fort Myers, Fla., writes that the Joycrafter article made her heart sing for joy—and just that made it worth while. She also sent a beautiful Joy-verse which I am glad to pass on:

"There is love in the wildwood,
There is love in the air,
And with love in our own hearts,
There is love everywhere."

And, by the way, the best way in the world to get love in our own hearts is to get out in the air and roam in the wildwood. I know, for I live right in the wildwood, and even through these winter months, on nice days, I often heard the love-notes of birds that sent a thrill to my heart. And now it is Spring! Say, you are a queer person if you don't listen and thrill to the bird-songs. Pure, unadulterated music—straight from the inimatable instruments of music that God must have originally created for His own pleasure.

And if you are not fortunate enough to be near a wildwood, air is everywhere—get out in it where it is pure with oxygen. Oxygen-filled lungs mean increased health; more health means more joy in life, which gives a greater capacity for love in the heart. So that's why "there is love in the air."

Another way to get love in the heart is to be a "Beauty Booster." We enjoy music with the ear, but we enjoy beauty with the eye. A flower or a picture is as silent as the tomb so far as actual sound goes, yet can be as loudly eloquent of love as the most exquisite music. You just have to be tuned in to get it, that's all. And again, you are a queer person if you are incapable of being "tuned in" to Beauty's thrill.

I suppose most men are somewhat indifferent to flowers, and I once worked for a man who actually hated them. (And of course he was of the sour, crabbed type, too.) But most of us women love flowers, and no matter how hard the life is with duties necessary to keep up the "eating and wearing" existence, no home should be without a few if possible.

* * *

You know, I believe that is more than half what is the matter with this old world—its people are going wild in the rush for material things to feed and clothe the body, and neglecting to properly nourish and clothe their minds with the beauty and grace of all the pure and lovely things God made for our spiritual enjoyment and uplift. The only music popular with the masses is the crazy jazz. All of the arts are "jazzed" in the same way—painting into the terrible cubist monstrosities that decorate (?) some of the so-called high-class magazines, and popular poetry is likewise jazzed into nonsensical free-verse. In short, the poor old world is jazzing itself to certain destruction—and the sooner the quicker, for then we will have a new world fit to live in—according to Pearson, and I believe he is right.

* * *

One of our good poet friends, Mrs. Ella Z. Harris, Lenoir, N. C., writes:

"I like Mrs. Pearson's column on page 4. Joy is like religion. You must hypnotize yourself into the belief that you are joyful, and that care 'ain't.' I do not believe happiness is a permanent state at all."

I wonder if she is right? Perhaps so. We all know that care "is" whether real or imaginary. But if we can "hypnotize" ourselves into feeling joyful we are liable to find that a great deal of our care is purely imagination. Some few people live in such a congenial, care-free environment that it is easy for them to be happy. But if most of us have to get it by the "hypnotism" route, isn't that far better than not to have it at all? If we succeed in doing that, we surely improve our own personal condition, even if we can't change or improve our environment. On the other hand, if we continue to mope and say, "Oh, what's the use?" we will surely find things getting worse and worse all the time. To be sure, happiness is not a permanent state, at least in the case of those of us who have to get it by "hypnotism." Some days have more real cares than others, and sometimes the hypnotic charm doesn't work so well as others. I used to think hypnotism was the devil's work, but now I see it is only the old name for the present-day auto-suggestion—a power that may be used for evil purposes as well as good.

Happiness is a state of mind, and the suggestion healer referred to above says "our minds are directed by suggestions. To suggest is to think. Thought is mind in motion." So whatever we want to be we've got to suggest that state or condition to our minds until it actually becomes true. Our minds are receiving some sort of suggestions every second, whether we are conscious of it or not, thus the importance of consciously directing the suggestions for good where the effect of adverse suggestions needs to be removed.

* * *

I am pretty sure it is not altogether because of the personal Joycrafter bouquets it contains that I delight in the following letter. It is a lovely sample of the literary art which all with the artistic temperament enjoy with the mind just as they enjoy music with the ear and beauty with the eyes:

The February number of Pearson's Paper is a sublime poem in "sweet household talk." Of course I have not read "Pearson's Poems" yet, but there just could not be a poem among them more beautiful than his definition of Russellism—the Joy-Religion. After all, the finest poems are never fettered with rhymes. I am glad a part of the new paper will be devoted to poetry. I always wanted more poetry in The Fool-Killer than "the monkey" was willing to give us.

I can appreciate the sorrow of those who mourn the death of The Fool-Killer, and the anger of those who would have Mr. Joycrafter prosecuted for killing The Fool-Killer; though I think the new paper is much better. I once said that a paper to be better than The Fool-Killer would have to be larger than The Fool-Killer and just as good—but I would not say that now. I have read most of the prophets of Momus, god of laughter (the books of fun, you know), but among them all there was not a greater than The Fool-Killer. However, joy is better than mirth, because mirth may be received from many sources, but real joy must come from intelligent happiness.

We have a reading circle in our home, just the home-folks, and papa says we have read everything except a French almanac. Connected with this reading circle I have a kind of mental "Poet's Corner," and every supreme writer who helps us to climb the pyramid of "stepping-stones to higher things" finds a place in this corner. The Fool-Killer was a supreme writer of fun, but I was afraid he would knock down some of the exquisite statuary in our Poet's Corner, so we never put up his statue, not even when we heard he was dead! But I think the Joycrafters are going to win a special place. If they do I'll tell you about it.

Yours respectfully,
WINNIE BEAUMONT.
Caney, Okla.

Miss Winnie has given me an idea. We can use the Joycrafter page for 'sweet household talk" while Pearson hurls his intellectual and theological bombs at the world in general. So keep sending in the pretty things that will make joy for us all—(I don't mean the bouquets for the Joycrafters.)

Amy Lowell is a great poet, and she probably weighs a little less than 300 pounds. She seems to be plum full of poetry. Now just suppose Amy should happen to bust open—wouldn't that be an awful spilling of good poetry?

you that there is a possible third position to take on this question? Did you ever stop to consider that a man CAN deny the immortality of the soul and still not believe that death ends all? You divide the world into two classes—a big majority that believes in inherent immortality, and a small minority that believes death ends all. But there is another big class in between those two extremes, and right there in that middle position is to be found the key that unlocks the whole troublesome problem.

It has always appeared most remarkable to me that nearly all people who approach this question at all feel under the necessity of taking one extreme or the other. They seem to think it is necessary to believe that the human soul is inherently immortal—that there must be uninterrupted life right on from this world into the next—or else they must believe that "death ends all." It never seems to enter anybody's mind that God, through His Son Jesus Christ, is able to RAISE THE DEAD—able to rekindle the flame of life after it has been totally extinguished in death.

Why is it that intelligent people who claim to be Christians will so unanimously ignore the great central truth of the New Testament? Why is it that Christians cannot see that they are thus denying their Saviour? They are actually refusing to believe that his death on the cross amounted to anything at all.

If you claim to believe in Jesus Christ, what do you think you believe in him for? What do you think he has done for you?

Somebody will say, Oh, he saved me."

Yes, but what did he save you from?

Be careful. Right there is where so many people get off the track. They don't stop to reason it out for themselves, but just accept what some preacher has told them, and let it go at that.

Now what did Jesus save you from?

Nine out of ten will answer without hesitation, "Oh, he saved me from a hell of eternal torment."

But is that the case?

Let's see.

This is a Bible question, and we have got to appeal to the authority of the Bible. If we cannot do that, then there was no use to have started this discussion in the first place.

So let us go back to Genesis. We will not raise any fuss with Darwin and Wells about evolution. In fact, we might be willing to admit for argument's sake that God did make man by the slow process of evolution. That's immaterial to this discussion. The point is, he was there—he had arrived. Whether it took him one day or a million years to get there makes no difference.

And it seems that man, after he had arrived on the scene, was in such a condition that he could have lived forever by being obedient.

But when he disobeyed God and committed sin he lost something.

What did he lose?

He lost LIFE. That is, he lost the privilege of living forever. As it was the natural human life in the flesh that he possessed, that must have been what he lost. We have no record that God gave man two different kinds of life, so that he might lose on and keep one. The plain inference is that man had only one life, and he could not have lost that life and still kept it, could he?

Now what does the loss of life mean?

It means DEATH.

I think all will agree to that.

But what does DEATH mean?

Let's see.

God addressed man in the second person and called him "thou." Call it soul, body, or what you please, but God said "thou" to the thing He was addressing. And I call your attention to the fact that the same "thou" who is told in Gen. 2:17 that he shall DIE is the identical same "thou" who is told in Gen. 3:19 that he shall RETURN TO DUST. So, then, the death that God was talking about must have been a returning to dust. It was the whole man that had life, and it was the whole man that must lose it.

Now listen:

Why did God deprive man of his life privilege and thus compel him to die and return to dust?

Wasn't it a penalty for sin?

You are bound to say yes.

And isn't that the ONLY penalty for sin that the Bible says anything about?

"The wages of sin is DEATH."

But somebody will speak up and say, "I—I—I—Oh, no, the wages of sin is eternal life in torment."

Who said so?

Please show me the place.

How many different sentences did God pass upon man for sin, anyhow? We have seen very clearly that ONE sentence was DEATH—a returning to dust. And if you want to make anything more than that out of it, you will have to come on down the line somewhere this side of Eden and show me where God passed a SECOND sentence on man for sin.

No use to look.

It isn't there.

Just one sentence is all that the Bible says anything about, and that sentence is DEATH—a returning to dust. (Gen. 3:19).

Now right here is a very important point, and I want you to be sure and get it.

Look!

There was Adam under the sentence of death. He had to die, and there was no way for him to escape. And when he did die he was ALL dead. There was not any part of him left alive. That was bad. But to make it still worse, the death sentence against Adam included all his unborn posterity, because they were all in him at the time. Adam's children were all born after he sinned and fell under the curse, and that's why the world is full of graveyards today.

Now suppose you just leave Adam and his race in that condition, and make no further provision for them. What would be the result?

Careful, now!

Go slow.

Think hard.

What would be the result?

Why, bless your life, that's as easy as falling off a log.

The whole human race would just STAY DEAD. Just go back to the dust and remain there through all eternity. Never live, never enjoy nor suffer, never have any sort of life nor feeling any more at all. That's what would happen to us all if God had just left us there, and had made no further provision for us.

Now we come back to our question—

What is Jesus going to save you from?

Here is the answer:

"As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." (I Cor. 15:22).

Do you see the point?

In the absence of any Redeemer it WOULD be true that death would end all.

But God saw fit to send his Son into the world to REDEEM the world—to buy back the life privilege that Adam had forfeited. And so now, because of that provision having been made to get the human race out of the grave, we people who believe in the merits of Jesus Christ have faith that there is going to be a RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD.

If the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ did not accomplish THAT, then what DID it accomplish?

Will somebody please tell me?

It is clear and plain that the only penalty or sentence ever pronounced against the human race was the sentence of Adamic death. I defy the whole orthodox world, and Conan Doyle on top of it, to find between the lids of the Bible where any other sentence was passed on man.

Therefore it is a clear case that if the great sacrifice on Calvary did not provide for the resurrection of the dead, then it did not provide for ANYTHING, and it isn't worth the snap of your finger.

Now isn't that a fact?

But if people do not die, but merely get more alive than ever and go on to heaven or hell as Orthodoxy and Spiritism contend, then where is the need or the possibility of a resurrection?

Can't you see that such a belief as that denies and ignores the very purpose for which Jesus Christ came into the world? It makes death a delusion, faith a fraud, and Christ a criminal.

Now hold on.

Don't jump at conclusions.

There is some more to it.

Now that we have found out what Jesus is going to save you from, let's go a little further and see what might happen next.

You have been redeemed.

Whether you know it or whether you believe it or not, the fact remains just the same, and it does not depend on you nor your belief about it in the least. Jesus Christ has paid the price and redeemed every child of Adam from the bonds of death. Not just a few, but ALL.

"For as in Adam ALL die, even so in Christ shall ALL be made alive."—I Cor. 15:22.

No ifs and ands about that.

Just a plain fact.

But—

Having received the sure promise of such a great blessing—life again from the dead—what are you going to do with it? Will you appreciate it enough to KEEP it and use it the right way and live right on forever, just as Adam COULD have done with his first life? Or will you go ahead and lose it again like Adam did?

That is a matter you will have to decide for yourself. If you live so as to forfeit your resurrection life and go into death the second time, then that will be the SECOND DEATH. It will be just like the first death, with the exception that there will not be any Redeemer sent to get you out of it. Jesus will not die for you any more. Therefore if you go dashing on in your mad career of sin till you forfeit your new life and fall into the Second Death, that positively WILL "end all" so far as you are concerned.

Now, folks, have I been talking foolishness? Or have I been talking good sound sense? Seems to me that this is all plain and reasonable enough for even a preacher to see if he would just open his eyes and look.

I have not attempted to discuss the question of what the sin was that Adam committed. Probably I will touch on that in some future article. Neither have I yet fully covered all the phases of the Ransom. The one thing I have tried to do in this article is to show you that the PENALTY for Adam's sin was DEATH, and not life in endless torment. I have also tried to make it plain that the thing Jesus did was to REDEEM mankind from this same Adamic death. He did not redeem PART of the people, but ALL of them. In other words, we have a hope of resurrection for every child of Adam, which otherwise we could not have had. This resurrection hope rests entirely upon the Ransom Sacrifice of Jesus. By giving himself as a SUBSTITUTE for Adam he bought back the life privilege that Adam lost. All our hope for a future life MUST rest right there. If that hope is vain, then the whole Christian structure falls to the ground, and we are doomed to be no more than the brute creation. In that case we would have to take off our hats to the atheist and confess that he is right. We have just one chance—and only one—of proving that the atheist is wrong. If our hope of resurrection through Jesus Christ turns out to be well founded, then we will have the laugh on the atheist. Otherwise—good-night!

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INSTRUCTIONS

When you send in clubs it is not necessary to write long letters. A correct list of names and addresses, with money order or check to cover same, is enough. It is best to use my printed order blanks, a supply of which will be sent on request.

If you have something important to say, condense it all you can and write it on a separate sheet of paper. Remember I am very busy, and it takes lots of time to read long letters, to say nothing of answering them. I would like to write personal letters to all of you friends every little bit, but it is impossible.

If you fail to get the paper within a reasonable time, let me know, but do it in a friendly way. Don't kick and raise a fuss, for I am doing the very best I can.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Boomer, - - - North Carolina.

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If "100-per-cent Americanism" is a thing that has to hide behind a mask and prowl around in the dark, then I don't want me some of it.

Pearson's Paper is anti-Catholic, anti-Klucker, anti Redemocan, anti-Plute, anti-Fool, anti-Hell, and anti-everything else that needs anty-ing. Ante up the dough and watch its antics.

A PREACHMENT ON PROPHECY

Now I am going to give you another little sermon on prophecy. If you take the trouble to hunt for them you can find a good many people who are interested in the study of Bible prophecy. But so far as I can see, the general public is not interested. Not one preacher in ten ever mentions prophecy in his sermons, and not one audience in ten would know what he was talking about if he did. And yet the few who do study prophecy are wide awake to the importance of it. Very often they can't agree as to just what it means, but they do know that it means SOMETHING of most vital importance to this present age.

The prophecies are supposed to tell about things that will happen in the "last days." Most people will agree to that. But the fashion is to put off the "last days" to some remote period maybe a million years in the dim future. In this manner the people think they are putting off the necessity of dealing with the prophecies NOW. But, folks, I tell you that is a mistake. There is not one chance in a million that the "last days" can be put off in any such a way. They are right on us NOW—in this very year of 1923. I don't mean the "end of time." Please understand that. I mean the end of this present Age or Dispensation, and the beginning of a totally different order of things in the world. Any man with average common sense can look around him and see that a very unusual condition of affairs has developed in the world within recent years. Look at it in any way you please—from any angle you please—and it is an unusual time. From the angle of scientific progress it looks like the world is making rapid strides ahead. And it is. Men have made great discoveries and developed great inventions. And these things have piled in on top of each other so fast that we can hardly keep track of them. Machinery has taken the place of hand labor and production has been speeded up. Thus the necessity for actual human labor has been reduced— theoretically, at least. It OUGHT to follow as a natural result that the business of living would get easier from year to year. It OUGHT to follow that the people would have time to develop their minds and enjoy life as never before. But—what do we see? The awful reality is that the business of living gets harder and harder for the masses. We have scientific improvements of all sorts, but they do not improve our general condition any. A few get the benefit and live easy, but the masses of the common people feel the pinch more than ever. The reason is that the benefits of science are not equally distributed. And yet men claim to be doing the best they can about it, and I reckon they are, considering their selfish natures.

Well, then, what next? If the world goes on at its present gait and in the direction it is now going, where will it get to in the next few years? There will continue to be great strides of invention and discovery—greater than we have seen yet—but none of these things will bring relief. It will be a world where all the makings of a paradise exist, but it will be a veritable hell because of human selfishness and greed. Governments will get more and more hopelessly tangled and confused. Business and finance will double-cross themselves at every turn, and nobody, big nor little, can get any satisfaction out of life. It is almost that way now. Mary Shelley's "Frankenstein" was prophetic. We are beginning to see that man has created a Frankenstein civilization—a monster that he cannot manage.

Can't you see—can't anybody see—that something has got to be done? And man is not able to do it. He is trying his very best now, and making it worse all the time.

Now listen to me! If man cannot manage the complicated machine that he has made, just one of two things has got to happen: The machine has got to wreck itself and destroy its maker, or else some Higher Power has got to step in and save the day. And it can't be put off. It must be done NOW.

I would like to make you understand that this great world crisis that we are now facing is what the Bible prophecies are talking about—and not something a million years off. Humanity has clearly reached the end of its rope, and if it don't get some Divine help it stands a mighty poor chance of being here twenty years from now, much less a million.

But according to Bible prophecy, this old world is going to get the Divine help. And that's what I am talking about. Are you interested, mister? I guess you better be.

Some readers of Pearson's Paper seem to prefer the Fool-Killer "monkey shines" instead of a more sober and sensible reasoning process. Maybe this preference is an instinct due to heredity. Another point for evolution.

The Christian Scientists say there isn't any devil. Then I can't imagaine what it is in the people that makes them so thunderation mean.

It takes a bigger fight to win the peace than it did to win the war. And no peace in sight yet.

THE FALL AND THE RANSOM

All right, dear angels! Take off your wings and be seated. I have advertised this sermon pretty well, and I am glad to see so many of you present. Some of you have been ordering reserved seats in advance, and I hope you will get your money's worth.

I am going to take for my text an extract from an editorial which appeared in the Raleigh (N. C.) News and Observer along last summer, while Sherlock Holmes's daddy was over here pumping words through the gap in his face and trying to convert America to Spiritism. There was a great deal of newspaper comment on Doyle's Spookology theories, but I have selected this from Josephus Daniels's paper because it so clearly expresses the popular misconception in regard to immortality and a future life. The editorial in Josephus's paper was headed, "The Faith That Sustains," and the "faith" referred to was the well-known delusion about the Immortality of the Soul. Josephus's editor got the idea lodged under his hat-band that to believe in the orthodox Immortality was a very great and comforting thing, and NOT to believe in it was the very lowest form of infidelity.

Well, you know I just naturally like to tease and worry the orthodox people about their great "Immortality" delusion, and so I immediately got busy with my old typewriter and hammered out a reply to that editorial and sent it in. And, according to the editor's own statement, he came very near printing my article, but just at the last minute his courage failed him and he sent it back—with a very nice letter of apologies and regrets. Afraid of it! Strange that people can be so terribly afraid of the Truth. Now that editor would gladly have printed a dozen long-winded rig-a-ma-roles in favor of inherent immortality. But when I dared to expose their big bluff—when I showed by Scripture and reason and common sense that "inherent immortality" is the devil's lie"—it almost scared him into fits.

Well, I considered the article too good to lose, and so I printed it in my own paper. It attracted so much attention and there was such a great demand for it that I think it is worth printing again. Here it is:

"A. Conan Doyle's discussions in this country on communication with the dead have led to a quantity of comment on the immortality of the soul. Most of us, no doubt, fully believe with Longfellow that 'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,' was not spoken of the soul. But always there has been a small minority which held that death ends all. It has been a small minority, however, and many people think that it is a steadily shrinking minority."—News and Observer.

Now, Mr. Editor, I want to call your attention to something that you have evidently never thought about—something that Doyle and all of the immortal soul advocates have completely missed. Did it ever occur to

PEARSON'S PAPER

(Formerly The Fool-Killer)

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A BURDEN OF DOUBTS.

By James Larkin Pearson.

This is the tale of one man's honest doubt
Of many things that have been preached about—
The honest effort of an honest mind
To get these difficulties straightened out.

No one, I guess, denies that we are here;
But whence we came, and how, is not so clear;
And whither bound, and why, nobody knows,
But all men guess and speculate and fear.

The earth is here, and we, a helpless race,
Have been discovered crawling on its face,
The preachers say we leave here by and by,
And go to heaven—or some other place.

But why we're here for such a little spell,
And then sent off to heaven or to hell—
And how we're still alive when we are dead—
I never saw a preacher who could tell.

I think there must be something out of skew
About theology and preachers, too,
Because they tell so many fishy tales
That anybody knows cannot be true.

The earth, they say, is not the final goal
That God intended for the human soul.
The body dies and moulders into dust;
The soul lives on while endless ages roll.

We know that sin brought death into the earth,
And we are sinners from the day of birth.
Except for sin we would not die at all;
Then what of heaven and its greater worth?

Except we die we have no chance to rise
And fly away to mansions in the skies;
If that's the case it surely is a fact
That sin and death are blessings in disguise.

If Adam had not sinned away his life
By eating something offered by his wife,
He would have wrecked the great Creator's plan
To take us home from this low vale of strife.

And heaven, which the preachers all have said
Was meant for living spirits of the dead,
Would be an empty place forevermore—
As empty as an orthodoctor's head.

There was a time when God was all alone.
And, seated there upon His shining throne,
He took a notion to create a world
And people it with living flesh and bone.

God must have had the wisdom all along
To know that man was sure of going wrong;
He must have known how weak a thing is man,
And He could just as well have made him strong.

Now if He knew, and if He had the power
To do a better job in that great hour,
Why did He turn out such a sorry job,
And leave His work for devils to devour?

If that creation business was designed
By Wisdom, Power and Goodness all combined,
How come so many gaps down in the thing?
How could a God of love be so unkind?

If God made everything, and if it's true
That there's a burning hell where sinners stew;
And if the devil runs it, as they say,
God made the hell, and made the devil, too.

And, furthermore, it seems beyond dispute
That God and Satan must be in cahoot—
That God has hired the devil to run hell,
And paid him for his wickedness, to boot.

In other words, according to the creeds,
God loves the devil for his evil deeds,
And has rewarded him with greater power
And higher fame than any devil needs.

If God made hell, as preachers state the case,
Before He thought about the human race,
It seems that He would certainly have known
There wasn't any need for such a place.

Now God could surely have devised a plan,
Beginning back where this one first began,
But leaving out the endless burning hell,
Which would have been more merciful to man.

Back there when God alone was on the scene,
And all the future's page was white and clean,
He had the choice of many different ways,
And knew full well what every way would mean.

He might have fashioned man so strong and great
That he would never nibble Satan's bait—
So perfect that he could not fall away
And lose the glory of his first estate.

He could have cancelled hell beyond recall,
Or fashioned people who would never fall;
Or, failing that, He could have called it off.
And simply made no human race at all.

Go back—and back—and back—and still you find
But God's responsibility behind—
Nobody else but God can be to blame
For just the bare existence of mankind.

Then if He does not like us as we are,
Why did He make us thus, to fall so far?
And how much better would we ever be
If He should move us to some other star?

(To Be Continued.)

VOLIVA'S VISIONARY VANITY

Our friend Voliva, of Zion City, Ill., is making quite a notorious reputation by teaching what the ignorant people of past ages used to think. He claims that the earth is flat and that the North Pole is its center. His idea is that South is every direction away from the Pole, and must, of course, extend to the "jumping off place."

Let us take up one view of the matter. If the earth is flat, as Mr. Voliva's theory asserts, the distance "around the earth" from east to west must constantly increase as one goes South, but this it certainly does not do after one passes the Equator. As Australia and South America are on opposite longitudes, Mr. Voliva's theory implies that the nearest way from Australia to South America would be to sail north. The steamship companies might get some practical ideas from Mr. Voliva about trade routes.

Some of the high-brow writers use a lot of big words to let the ignorant folks know that they know something. Some of them who can't find enough in English, but have to dive into Greek in search of an Alpha or Omega, should take lessons from the K. K. K.'s in Kluxer Klanguage.

THE KU KLUX KLUCKS

To save my gizzard I can't quite understand this-here new Ku Kluxianity movement. It claims to be "100 per cent American" and fights Jews, Catholics, negroes and foreigners who have committed the great crime of starting their names without a few K's. But at the same time they talk in hieroglyphics about a lot of Wizards, Cyclops, Kleagles, and Giants, which looks a lot like the mythology which prevailed about the time man ceased being a monkey and took up orthodox theology. What all these mystic kling-klang titles have to do with making America American is more than my mental caliber is capable of grasping.

But hold on! Let's see! Maybe these strange words are not titles at all. Judging by their sound, they must be only the klucks made by this new American imperial hen who has come to take the place of the old Eagle. It seems she couldn't lay enough eggs to hatch a decent brood, so she just sat down on the old rotten eggs of race prejudice, religious prejudice, national prejudice, and ignorance, and is trying to kluck them to life with a kling-klong sound which resembles a cross between the Chinese language and the squeal of a razor-back hawg.

But say!—haven't the plute papers been telling us that the—the—eh—Bolsheviks have been conducting a secret movement to obtain control of our beloved country so they could divide our pennies among the "reds?" Now if a secret movement is so dangerous to America, it seems a little funny that the "100 per cent Americans" would grasp the same red-hot iron that they fear so much.

It would be a good idea for some of the scribes of the Ku Kluxianity to re-write American history, for some of us ignorant country chaps ain't got enough education in K's to understand why Americans should have fought in the Revolutionary War against a king who had the audacity to openly exist, and a little later take the oath of allegience to an invisible emperor.

Now if there is as much good in the Klan as its friends would have us believe, what is the use of keeping it secret? Why not let it be open and free to the public? I can't think of any reason why such a good thing and such a purty thing should want to go sneaking around in the dark with a mask on.

If you are not a chicken-thief you are doing yourself a great injustice to be caught in your neighbor's hen-house after dark.

THE JOYCRAFTERS

(By Cora Wallace Pearson)

As "official secretary" of this establishment I want to tell you about our new name. 'The Joycrafters.' The editor invented it a few years ago, but it didn't seem to fit in with The Fool-Killer and it was never "officially" used. We considered calling the new paper THE JOYCRAFTER, but decided it would be more expedient to give it the editor's name so that it wouldn't sound like a stranger to the old friends of The Fool-Killer.

Some may say "The Joycrafters" sound too much like "The Roycrofters" which Elbert Hubbard made famous. Well, what of it? It is different enough that its inventor is by no means infringing on Hubbard's "patent." Roycroft means Royal craft, and The Roycrofters created expensive deluxe books, art goods etc., truly "fit for a king" and that only a king's money could buy. Joycrafter means one who creates joy, and it won't take lots of money to work at it, though perhaps if we had more money we could produce more Joycrafter goods, such as books of poems, and other books and publications of which we "dream."

As Joycrafters it is our ideal to create joy in any way it is in our power to do so. To the editor the name means joy in his craft or profession. To me it must mean a sort of philosophy of thought, as my daily job is a battle with a stubborn chronic disease, and is by no means a joyful one. It is because of this very fight that I am compelled to use this Joycrafter philosophy as my strongest weapon. Being human, I will make failures, but that's no excuse for me to quit trying. It will be unto us according to our faith. If I try to teach you how to use the same weapons and you can beat me using them, I say go to it, and glory be! Then perhaps you can turn back to me and strengthen my own faith.

So just "us two and no more" constitute the firm of The Joycrafters here at Boomer, North Carolina, but we would like for every reader of this paper to be a Joycrafter, and everybody in the whole world, for that matter. We haven't a "patent" on it, and if you want to share our beautiful name I'm going to give a few suggestions below.

HOW TO BE A JOYCRAFTER

Think Joy-thoughts for the Building of Health and Happiness.

For "As a Man Thinketh in His Heart (mind) So Is He."

HOW TO THINK:—"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Ephesians 4:8.

THOUGHTS ON THINKING

We can accomplish most anything the head is "set" to do—if we don't allow our heads to be like some bad clocks that won't "run" right when they are "set" right. If we persist in believing we can do a thing we can and will do it—that is the faith that removes mountains.

Our thoughts are real things, to mold and shape our lives, even our fleshly body. This is proven by the faces of people in their different expressions. We all have seen the transformation, or rather disformation, that takes place in the faces of young men and women who started life well but sunk to the level of dissipation and sin.

Mind has power over matter. If we did not have a mind we could have no sensation of feeling, for we do not feel pain when unconscious in sleep. The brain is the great central telegraph station of the nervous system, and the network of nerves leading from the brain all over the body is the system of "wires" over which every sensation of thought or feeling travels over the body, like messages from a real telegraph station over a system of real telegraph wires. Every thought of your mind makes this circuit, and the influence on the body is according to the impression of the thought in your brain. Science says that every one of the millions of cells of the body has a brain of its own, so each one is a sort of receiving station for the messages sent from the central office, the brain. This cell-brain is called the Sub-conscious mind, which never goes to sleep. It is the force in us that molds and shapes, tears down or builds up, according as it receives instructions from headquarters. For, "As a man thinketh in his heart (mind) so is he." The heart of anything is its center. We can't think with our literal heart, and our mind is the seat or central power of our spiritual being, just as the heart of flesh is the central power of our physical being. Hence we are the product of our own thoughts as regards character, and to a great extent physically, as our physical organs were created to serve the mandates of the mind.

Sick people are waiting for some one to bring them health corked up in a bottle or wrapped in a pill box, but health does not come that way. Few of them are willing to give up the old bad habits of wrong eating, thinking and living that caused the sickness, and until that is done there is no curing of the sickness, either by medicine or any of the different systems of "drugless healing." And whatever the treatment, no cure can be wrought by any other agency than Nature, which is the Sub-conscious Mind referred to above. Some call it God dwelling in us, but I prefer to call it the Power of God, given us to use for our good and His glory or to abuse for our misery or destruction. By allowing only the right sort of thoughts to travel over these nerve-wires this force within us carries out a work of healing and building up what has previously been torn down by wrong thinking and living. Is it not wonderful that we have these millions of little servants in our bodies to do our bidding? If we deny it we deny scientific facts,—and why not? Nothing is more reasonable. Of course until every vestige of the curse of evil is removed from the earth, we cannot overcome everything and reach perfection of body and spirit, but every right thought and deed will be rewarded, so there is no limit to be set to what may be accomplished. Especially when we remember these words of Jesus: "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed (faith unmixed with doubt) nothing shall be impossible unto you." Matt. 17:20. We might as well say Christ did not mean what he said if we doubt that there is such a thing as this mountain-moving faith, just because our mountains still loom before us. Most of us are like the woman who prayed for a literal mountain to be removed, and when she looked up and saw it still there she exclaimed, "Just as I expected!" That's the reason we don't get the things we go after—because we don't believe we'll get them. A friend said the other day he didn't believe Coue's auto-suggestion will do all that is claimed for it, and of course so long as he don't believe it will it won't in his particular case. It is certain that the person using it would have to believe it would produce the results he sought. But Coue don't claim it will do everything, only that which is "within reason"—though it evidently must operate by the same power of faith which a Higher Authority said would make all things possible unto us. Anyway, I am sure that it does no harm (unless we overwork Nature) to "hitch our wagon to a star" even if we never quite drive up to it. It is evident that being "hitched" to something UP we are less liable to go down. If our desires and ambitions are really as right and bright and foundationally sure as the star simile would picture them, and if our "hitching lines" (determination and will-power) are strong and durable, it doesn't matter how much our old "carnal horse" (human nature) may tug and pull, the hitching post will stand and the lines will hold our wagon at least from breaking loose and getting smashed up.

The reason why this world is filled with weaklings, mental, physical and spiritual, is not altogether because of hereditary influence. The adverse suggestions in thought and speech with which we surround ourselves and others, and with which others surround themselves and us, keep us all from doing the things we could do, and therefore ought to do.

JOY-BUILDING SUGGESTIONS.

I CAN do it. I KNOW I can—If I think and believe I can.
"I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."
I Will Have Faith in God. I Will Have Confidence in Myself.
I Will Not Worry. I Will Not Fear.
"I will trust and not be afraid."
I Will Be Content and Happy. Happiness is a state of mind.
My life is what I make it.
I Will Live By the Golden Rule. LOVE is the Key to the Golden Rule.
Only that which I give to others comes back to me.
I WILL KEEP SMILING.

Smile awhile!
Grin agin!
Every smile
Helps you win.

A quack doctor who cures you is all right. And the regular good doctor who fails to cure you is—is—is—well, you say it.

* * *

Some folks are not a bit better than others, and maybe not half as good.

* * *

The science of government is about the only science that is not making progress. Come to think of it, though, there isn't any science of government. Just a world full of nations trying to guess at some way to take advantage of each other.

Yes, I know you are smart, but Ford can beat you making money.

* * *

I don't want to do your thinking for you—I just want to learn you how to do it yourself.

* * *

If nobody had ever had the courage to stand up in defense of an unpopular idea, where would the world have been at today? Every great truth that has ever come to the world was unpopular at first. And it seems to be the rule that as a thing gets popular it gets corrupt.

high up in the world and too respectable. My theology is very unpopular. For Dr. Whitsett to let it be known that he had accepted my theology, or that he was even interested in it, would ruin him in the eyes of all his friends. Nobody can accept it only those who have nothing to lose and who are willing to be unpopular. When Jesus was here on earth it was only barefooted fishermen and other sorry trash that followed him. No respectable person would dare to be found in his company. So we just go along and pick up one here and there who is willing to be an outcast for the Truth's sake, and we don't make much effort to convert people of Dr. Whitsett's standing.

But that is only one side of it. While Dr. Whitsett is not interested in my theology, he is deeply interested in my poetical and literary side, and he is broad enough to overlook the other for the sake of comradeship in the things that we are both interested in. That is mighty nice of him and I appreciate it. So many people are not broad enough to do that. I would like to devote at least half the space in Pearson's Paper to the various phases of literary discussion, and especially to poetry. But the great trouble is that I have got to live in the time of it, and such a few people are interested in poetry. I can find fifty people who are keenly interested in my talks on theology and other things like that, where I wouldn't find one who cared anything about poetry. If I should devote this paper entirely to poetry and the study of poetry, I might get one subscriber a week. Not more than that. I tried it once, and it worked out just that way. Several years ago I got out five issues of a very decent little magazine devoted to literature and poetry. I worked hard at it, and at the end of five months I had just exactly 20 subscribers. That was enough to quit on, so I shed a few salty tears and buried the little magazine just as the sun went down—and then started The Fool-Killer. To be plain about it, I just got fighting mad and went to frailing the devil out of everything in reach. And, bless goodness, you just ought to have seen how the subscriptions rolled in. There was many a day that I took in four or five times more money in one day than I did during the whole five months of my literary magazine.

That experience convinced me that the general public cared a good deal more for rough and abusive tongue-lashing than it did for poetry. People will go five miles to see a fight any day when they would not go 5 steps to see Shakespeare. So I went right on cracking heads and getting pay for it, and I didn't care much whose head it was, either. The fellow who was hit didn't enjoy it, but the others did, and there was always a crowd to whoop it up for me and tell me to hit 'im again. I enjoyed it, too, while it was a new thing, and I especially enjoyed the money that it brought. But all the time I was wanting to write poetry more than anything else in the world. But the folks did not want poetry. That had been tried sufficiently. And they DID want my slap-dash Fool-Killer stuff. So what could I do but go on with the Fool-Killer? I had to live somehow.

In the course of time, however, I grew older and more settled, and I also got hold of the Bible Truth that has changed my whole life, so that The Fool-Killer came to be more and more unfitted to carry the message that I wanted to send out. Therefore another change was necessary, and we now have "Pearson's Paper," which is a name that will accommodate itself to just anything that I want to write. I am under no obligation to be funny, and am not compelled to be long-faced and serious all the time. Just whichever way I happen to be feeling at the moment when I "seat myself to drop you a few lines," that's the way you will get it.

* * *

My interest is about equally divided between poetry on the one hand and theology and other related subjects on the other. But there is a better market for my theological talk, for the reason that more people are interested in theology. Some agree with me, and some violently disagree, and in either case it stirs up a lot of interest and gets people to wanting the paper. It is forbidden fruit, supposed to be very sinful and dangerous, and ever since that Eden scrape there have been folks who liked to poke their noses into forbidden things. Well, in this case the forbidden thing isn't so dangerous after all, and I hope it does the people a lot of good. It also helps out the bread and butter question here at Cora's house. But it doesn't help my literary reputation very much. If I ever expect to cut much ice as a poet I'll have to give some attention to that end of the game, too. I agree with Dr. Whitsett that I ought to give more serious attention to the development of my poetical talent. Goodness knows I want to bad enough, if that would help any. But who is going to furnish the bread and breeches in the time of it?

* * *

Satan is a perfectly good church member. He never fails to be there, and he always puts something in the plate.

My theological interests and my poetry interests seem to impress some people as being a rather strange mixture. Folks who don't understand my Theology think it is a bad thing, and they wonder why I mix it up with my poetry talk. But if they really understood what my theology teaches they would not think so strange about it. One man put it to me this way:

"Tell me, Pearson, if you are looking for the end of time right away, why in the world are you interested in poetry? Why do you want to get out a book of your poems? If time is going to end there won't be any chance for people to buy your book or read it. So what's the use?"

There! And so that's all he knows about it. Who has said anything about any end of time? I certainly have not. The thing I am trying to do is to get that "end of time" notion out of people's heads. There is not going to be any end of time. There is going to be an end of this present miserable condition of things in the world, but the earth is going to stay right here and be gradually changed into a paradise, where people can live forever in perfect peace and happiness and have no fear of sickness, death, poverty, war, nor any evil thing. This will not come all in a sudden flash, with a great uproar of fire and trumpets, bringing the "end of time," as we have been taught. It will all come about just as naturally as the automobile has come. It will not be away off in some fabled region among the stars, but right here on this earth. The earth will then be filled with beautiful homes, beautiful orchards, gardens and fields, and healthy, happy people who will have time to enjoy poetry, music, flowers, and all the good things that paradise will afford. As the scripture puts it, the earth shall be full of the knowledge and glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

That's the kind of a time I am looking for, and I believe it is near at hand. If it comes as soon as I think it will, many of the generation now living can pass into it without dying.

Yes, honey, that's Russellism, and why people think it is such a bad thing is beyond me. Why, man, it is the most beautiful and satisfying thing I ever saw. If there ever was a religious teaching that could be called a Joy Religion, this is it. Here is a religion that fits in with poetry, music, beauty, health, happiness, hope, joy, and all the other delightful things that the heart could desire. It is a gloom-chaser. It does away with the doubts and the fears, the long faces and the groans. Wherever you find a true full-fledged Russellite, you find a person who is getting joy out of life—a Joycrafter.

Now I hope you have a better understanding of why I mix up my theology and my poetry. It is because they go together, they fit, they harmonize. I can't think of one without thinking of the other. I am hoping to live here on this earth forever and enjoy poetry—and all the other beautiful things—all that time. Come, man, don't you want some of that?

* * *

If some of these comments are dry or lacking in interest, just grit your teeth and read them anyhow, and then read on some more. Pretty soon you'll find something that will make you sit up and take notice. There will always be enough ginger and red pepper sprinkled along in it to keep you awake. The way I am fixing it now you have got to read it all to see what I am talking about. And you'll do it, too. I know you from away back.

* * *

You see I don't write all this stuff at one sitting. I hammer along on it for a week or more. And during the time of it I pass through various moods and states of feeling. One day I will be feeling mighty solemn and proper, and then you get deep, heavy stuff—religion, philosophy, and the like. Then maybe next day I will be feeling like a two-year-old and just have to talk sorter funny. That's how it is. Now do you know?

* * *

Wings are very good things, but a frog wouldn't know how to use them.

* * *

Well, I have talked some. Next month I will talk some more. Just take that chair and sit down and be seated. We are going to have a dandy good time together, and I will try to say something each month that will go right to the spot.

"BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS"

A Little Book of Verses by Cora Wallace Pearson.

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of the The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographal Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both booklets together for 25 cents. Order today—right now. Address:

THE JOYCRAFTERS,
Boomer, N. C.

fit his own case. But a thing which would be reason to one man would be utter foolishness to other people. So there we have more complications. It looks like a case for Einstein's Relativity to solve.

It may as well be admitted that most people would like to be fair and reasonable in all their public and private relations. They really mean to be. But all the trouble is caused by the conflicting notions of what constitutes fairness and reasonableness. Each man wants the whole world to adopt his view of what is right, and the whole world refuses to do it. And there you are!

* * *

All the great world conferences that have been held in recent years, and which have proved to be such hopeless failures—they all started out with the very best of intentions, and all the nations claimed that they wanted to do the right thing. Maybe they did. I will give them all the credit I possibly can. But just the same, we have seen it demonstrated over and over that they can't agree on anything. Each nation wants to do the right thing, but it has its own notion of what the right thing is, and all the others have many different ideas of what constitutes the right thing, and so they can't get together.

One of the most important conferences for some time was the great Lausanne conference in which the Allies were trying to reach some agreement with Turkey. It managed to hold together for about three months, and there were daily reports sent out about what was going to be accomplished. But now it has busted wide open and quit with nothing done, and the delegates have packed their cigar boxes and gone home. So endeth another chapter in "government by conference," which is the only kind of government that the world has today, and I sometimes think that is a little bit worse than none at all.

* * *

I am getting so many good letters along now that I hardly know how to handle all of them in order to give them the attention they deserve. Wonder how it would do to print and answer some of them right along here in these comments? Believe I'll try it. One letter of special interest has just come in from my brilliant and scholarly friend, James F. Morton, Jr., 211 West 138th St., New York City. I will quote part of Mr. Morton's letter here. He says in part:

I am glad to note your new journalistic project, and wish it all success. You have done wonderfully in overcoming the handicap of lack of early educational opportunities, and in making yourself into a position where, in spite of very great obstacles, you are able to devote yourself to the expression of your best convictions as a professional activity. My own life has led me to a somewhat, though not wholly similar position. I had the education, but was and still to too great an extent am horribly deficient in the commercial sense; so that I have remained poor, and belong to what has been called the intellectual proletariat.

I observe that you have passed through various religious experiences, and have finally accepted the Russell teachings. I am always interested in the sincere convictions of any searcher for truth, believing as I do that it is well for all who earnestly desire light, and follow loyally the path which they believe to lead most surely upwards. I have also sought in many fields. I was brought up in the Baptist faith, and sincerely devoted to it until I was about 20 years of age, having read most of the Bible in the original languages, and the whole of it over and over again, besides close study of all the recognized commentators, and having been an active participant in prayer meetings and a teacher in the Sunday School. I examined the other denominations and the non-Christian religions, after coming to find the tenets of my former faith unsatisfactory, but found none of them from Roman Catholicism to Unitarianism, just the sure footing which I sought. For a little time I thought I had found it in Theosophy; and I gave Spiritualism a thorough trial; but I wound up by becoming a complete Agnostic. You speak of almost falling into Atheism at one time. I was practically an Atheist, or at least an Agnostic with Atheistic leanings, for some twenty years, and most of that time very active in the Free Thought movement, which I know from Alpha to Omega. Nor do I now regret that experience, for it taught me much. There are noble and earnest men and women among the atheists, who have sacrificed much and would be ready to give up their lives for what to them is the truth. However, I am glad that I have been led to higher ground at last, even though in a way which may seem to you almost as bad as the Atheism itself. I have accepted the Bahai teachings, which gave me a new and wonderful outlook on life, and a profound faith in the divine guidance of mankind, in which all the great religions play a part.

You and I had some spats in your active amateur days; but amateur journalism is a fine influence in broadening all of us. We may dispute, and even be a bit intolerant; but we are drawn to a little closer realization of the existence and sincerity of other points of view than our own, and we learn to associate fraternally with those whose ideas are totally opposed to ours. The memories of the little quarrels grow faint, while the fraternity persists. I shall be glad to know of your complete success in your chosen field.

Sincerely yours,
JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

That is a good letter, written by a good man, an honest man, and a serious thinker. What Mr. Morton says about his education is very modest indeed. He is a great scholar—perhaps one of the most profoundly educated men in America. He is conversant with the histories, the literatures, and the religions, of every land and time. But one of the important things about this letter is its mention of the Bahai teachings, which Mr. Morton has finally accepted as the truth. I am an uneducated man, and am not quite sure that I ever heard of the Bahai teachings before. I know nothing about what these teachings are except what I learn from a little booklet which Mr. Morton sent along with his letter. The movement seems to have originated in Persia and is probably related to what we hear spoken of as the "Wisdom of the East." It seems to be the work of a modern prophet, and it seems to relegate Jesus Christ to a sort of secondary position in the scheme of things. Which doesn't look good to me. But I have found some mighty interesting things in the little booklet telling what these people believe and what they are looking for in the way of world developments in the near future. Here is a sample:

"The Bahais believe this is the beginning of that Golden Age upon earth, the age of universal peace and love when, as Christ foretold, men shall come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."

Here is another:

"This is a new cycle of human power. All the horizons of the world are luminous, and the world will become indeed as a garden and a paradise."

Now, you Bible Student friends, what do you think of that? If that isn't good Russellism so far as it goes, what is it? And the booklet goes on to state that they expect an international auxiliary language by which all nations can communicate and understand each other. It seems to be understood among them that this universal language of the future will be Esperanto, which is the very same thing that the Bible Students have settled on. In fact, it seems that we Bible Students have already got the very things that the Bahai would teach us, besides other good things that they haven't got. And yet these people are probably just as ignorant of our Bible Studies as we are of their Bahai Revelations. Then how did they happen to get the same things? And at the same time? Of course if we should go into it fully and get all the details of their teaching and their manner of arriving at these conclusion, we would inevitably find many points of difference. But the high lights, as we might say—the things that stand out most clearly—are the very same. What is the explanation? It must be just another proof that the Russell teaching IS TRUE, and that those who do not get it in our way are being led to get it in some other way. It isn't a better way than ours, I am sure. No system that practically ignores Jesus Christ can be as good as ours. And yet to the extent that it teaches the same great truths, it is doing good and I don't like to criticize it too severely. What I want my friend Morton to see is this: The thing he has found is part of the real truth, or else it is satan's counterfeit of the truth. Without further investigation I cannot be positive which it is. But this much is certain: Since Mr. Morton has investigated most of the other isms of the world and found them wanting, he certainly owes it to himself to give careful study to the Russell teachings. There he will find the REAL TRUTH, and he will KNOW it is the truth.

* * *

Yes sir. This world is a plum sight when you stop to think about it. Lots of sides and angles and corners to it, and a fellow can't always sometimes hardly ever tell what to least expect most. Here it is from another angle:

Whitsett, N. C.
Feb. 7, 1923.

Mr. James Larkin Pearson,
Boomer, N. C.

Dear Mr. Pearson:

I greatly enjoyed your "My Letter to You" in Pearson's Paper, and think you are wise to drop the name The Fool-Killer, and to strike out for higher and more permanent things than that name suggests. May success crown your efforts. While I am not very much interested in your views on politics and theology, I am deeply interested in your views on poetry, literature, etc. You have written some highly creditable poetry, and have it in you to do still better work; this I hope you will make an effort to do. Rise to the very best that is in you! Pardon me for speaking so frankly, but I have never felt that your talents ought to be given to certain lines that you carried along in The Fool-Killer, but I do think that you are now on the right road.

Cordially yours,
WM. THORNTON WHITSETT.

A letter like that does me good, and sorter hurts, all at the same time. It does me good to know that there are SOME men like that, and it hurts to realize that they are so few. Dr. Whitsett is a noted educator and poet, and he has been one of my best literary friends and advisers for 25 years. When I was only 18 years old he did me the honor to call on me for a poem for a special number of his college magazine. Ever since that time we have exchanged letters occasionally, and his friendship has been a great help and encouragement to me in my literary struggles. As to his taking interest in my theological views, I can hardly expect him to do that. It would please me very much if he would, but I don't expect it. He is too

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THE JOYCRAFTERS

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James Larkin Pearson - - - -Editor

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INSTRUCTIONS

When you send in clubs it is not necessary to write long letters. A correct list of names and addresses, with money order or check to cover same, is enough. It is best to use my printed order blanks, a supply of which will be sent on request.

If you have something important to say, condense it all you can and write it on a separate sheet of paper. Remember I am very busy, and it takes lots of time to read long letters, to say nothing of answering them. I would like to write personal letters to all of you friends every little bit, but it is impossible.

If you fail to get the paper within a reasonable time, let me know, but do it in a friendly way. Don't kick and raise a fuss, for I am doing the very best I can.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON

Boomer, - - - North Carolina.

CUFFS

'Tis very sad when any man must feel
The clanging hand-cuffs on submissive hands;
The heavy weight of strong resisting steel,
The cruel clutch of cold confining bands.

But hand-cuffs cannot hinder soaring minds;
There's something worse that holds the race in thrall;
It is not steel, but ignorance, that binds;
The brain-cuff is the very worst of all.

—James Larkin Pearson.

NEXT ISSUE ! ! !

The next issue of this paper—the March issue—will be given over almost entirely to one big subject: THE FALL AND THE RANSOM. What did the human race LOSE by the fall of Adam? What did it GAIN by the Ransom Sacrifice of Jesus? In other words, what was the object or purpose of Jesus Christ's coming into the world?

This is a live subject, and the March issue will create a sensation. It will have all the preachers backed up in a corner. Don't miss it, and don't let any of your friends miss it. Go after the folks and get everybody to subscribe. Let the big clubs roll in.

JUST TALK

Just as a starter for this issue, maybe I might as well tell you how the new paper has been received so far. Here are the two first letters that reached me with an expression of opinion on the change:

I enclose money order for $1.00 for some copies of the January issue of "Pearson's Paper." I want to distribute them among Friends and Brothers in the Truth, and I am pretty sure they will bring you new subscribers. I had read your article, "My Letter to You," only half through when I got down on my knees and thanked God for the new weapon He was giving us through you. You will have an interest in the prayers of most of the Truth people who read that article.

AVERY BRISTOW, Route 1,
Wilsonville, Nebraska.

As I have received one copy of "Pearson's Paper," and as you stated that The Fool-Killer died December 31st, 1922, and you put out your paper, and as you claim that you have quit being a monkey and have turned to being a man, all that we want is our money, so send it in at once—$1.35 which I sent you for a list of subscriptions to The Fool-Killer. Now, Mr. Pearson, we mean business, and I am going to see if there is any remedy if you don't send it in, as I have the check for a receipt.

LESTER COCHRAN, Route 1,
Ashland, Georgia.

That's the first reaction to the change in name and style of the paper. Pretty well balanced, I will say. One man thanking God for the change and the other man mad about it. One sending me a dollar for a bundle of that issue, and the other calling for his money back and threatening to do something terrible to me if I don't send it. Well, of course I would like to please everybody, but knowing that to be impossible, I suppose there is no use to shed any briny tears over one man's disapproval. He is the only one so far, and there have been several of the other kind. So I am perfectly happy. My wife has volunteered to write Mr. Cochran a very nice letter in which she expressed her regrets that he liked me better as a monkey than as a man. Them's my sentiments too, and I somehow attach more importance to the position taken by my friend Bristow and others of his kind that I have heard from. The letters of approval make me feel so good that one little kick don't matter much. But I feel sorry for a man who can't enjoy anything more elevating and refined than the monkey-shines I used to cut in The Fool-Killer. Of course when I was younger and wilder than I am now I enjoyed being a monkey and liked to have the folks laugh at my capers. But I am getting more civilized in my old age and think it is time to look at life's problems in a more serious light. Especially is this true since I came into possession of a Light that I didn't know anything about at first. I will probably not make such a big noise now as I made while being a monkey, but the chances are I will do more good and get more real satisfaction out of it. And I shall hope to keep all the more intelligent of my old readers and get others like them. If I weed out a few of the shallow-minded, unthinking kind, perhaps it will be just as well. I don't want to be tiresome to anybody, and there isn't any law to make people read this paper if they don't want to.

* * *

If my newspaper career causes me to be known and remembered at all, I would like to be known as a sane and level-headed thinker and reasoner. I would like to have it said of me that I applied every test of reason and common sense to all questions that came to my attention for settlement. Not that I am certain to be exactly right every time. Of course not. I am no more certain to be always right than other thinking men. We all make mistakes. But the difference between a thinker and one who does not think is this—the thinker uses his mind and reaches his conclusions by a process of reasoning. He is always able to give a reason for what he believes. To be sure, his reason may not always satisfy others, but it does at least satisfy himself. If, at some later time, he gets more light on the subject and finds it necessary to change or modify his views, all right. He is still a thinker, and he is advancing step by step as the light is given. Which is the proper way. But the man who has not trained himself to think and reason about things—what does he do? Why, he just takes whatever happens to be nearest at hand, and lets it go at that. If he is born into a Democratic family he is a Democrat, and all the arguments in forty states couldn't change him. He can't give any reason for being a Democrat except that he just is, and that settles it. If he happens to be born into a Republican family, or into a Baptist or Methodist family, it is the same—always the same. Never any change, and never any reason for staying where he is. Just a fixed habit, and not enough mental vitality to break away from it. He is born in a rut and stays there to the end of his days. And he will fight anybody that dares to suggest that he ought to get out of his mental rut and look around some.

* * *

As a general rule the man who sometimes changes his views is more of a thinker than the man who never changes. Not always, but generally speaking. It does sometimes happen that men of good sound reasoning powers get through life without much visible change in their mental outlook. I hardly know whether such people are fortunate or not. Maybe they are. But they probably miss a good deal of the joy that comes only from discovering new roads to travel.

On the other hand, the mere fact that a man does change his views is not sufficient proof of his smartness. That old saying to the effect that a fool never changes his mind is not true. Some fools do change very often. There are people who haven't stability enough to stick to anything long at a time. They just drift, and never get safely anchored anywhere. That kind of a fool cannot give you any more reason for changing than the other kind can give for not changing. I like to see a man stand pat when he has good reason for it, and I like to see him change when there is sufficient cause for change. But in either case, I want him to give me a good reason for it. There is the test. Give a reason. And that's what I always try to do. When it comes to the pass that I can't give a good sensible reason for the faith that is in me, I shall get out of the newspaper business and try to remain very quiet.

* * *

I wonder what we mean when we talk about reason, anyhow? What is reason? Each man has his private understanding of something that he calls reason, and he always interprets it to

isn't my intention now to make any more appeals for anything. Neither will I make any promises of big things that I propose to do. Just watch me, and if I accomplish anything you will see it, and that will be more satisfactory than hearing about it.

* * *

And then again, there are some other things that I am interested in. As already stated in these remarks, I have always been a book-lover. And because I loved books, I naturally became interested in the writers of books. Years ago I formed the habit of getting acquainted with authors. If I read a book I wanted to know who wrote it. I also wanted to know when and where the author lived, and as many facts about his life as possible. That started me to reading biography, especially the biographies of literary people. I never cared very much for the lives of politicians and statesmen, and military men I positively hated. But I read everything I could get hold of pertaining to the lives of poets and other literary people. Very gradually I came into a feeling of intimate acquaintance with these people. In imagination I lived with them, talked with them, and watched them at their work, until their lives became a part of my own life.

* * *

It is rather the fashion these days to sneer at our old friend Longfellow, but when I was a small boy Longfellow was the most popular poet living. Everybody that pretended to any culture at all could quote something from Longfellow. Ella Wheeler Wilcox was just coming in, and James Whitcomb Riley was getting a start. Longfellow and his generation of poets had already won their fame before I came on the scene. But I had the privilege of watching Mrs. Wilcox and Jim Riley almost from the very beginning—watching them as they slowly clambered up the steep and rugged slopes of Parnassus, getting toe-hold in any obscure newspaper corner they could reach, until finally they stood victorious on the height and seemed to beckon me to come on. There were other poets climbing at the same time, but somehow these two managed to get more directly in my line of vision than any of the others. I clipped their poems from the papers and magazines and pasted them in scrap-books, which I have in my library today. I saved every picture, every sketch, every scrap of information about those two poets, and just to see their names in print sent a pleasurable thrill all over me. For they were doing the very sort of thing that I wanted to do more than anything else in the world. They were writing poetry and making names that would live when they were dead and gone. To me that was the one thing in all the world that seemed worth doing. People talk about being "called" to do this, that and the other. If ever a person was "called" to do anything, I was "called" to write poetry. As a very small boy—poor, ragged, ignorant and unknown—I was conscious of an overpowering urge within me which seemed to tell me plainer than words that I MUST be a poet. This feeling must have made itself felt before I was ten years old, for at that age I had already begun to write.

* * *

I have been living with the poets ever since, and in the meantime writing as much as my life of drudgery would permit. Riley and his generation are gone, and I am now watching the blossoming of a new crop. Since the close of the World War there has been a decided "picking up" in poetry interest all over the world. It seems to be a reaction from the ugly tragedies of war. At any rate, the poetic revival has come in with a great whoop, and books of poetry are selling as never before. A few of the present-day poets have actually gotten into the very "best seller" list. Edgar Guest, for one. His royalties in one year amount to a vast fortune. And there is a curious thing. Edgar Guest, as everyone knows, is a writer of common little every-day songs suitable for the masses to understand. He is the "people's poet." The new school of high-brow poets and their followers laugh at him. They refuse to regard him as a poet at all. He is classed with Walt Mason as a mere rhymester. But still he goes right on selling ten books to their one, and I don't suppose he is losing any sleep over not being a high-brow.

* * *

And yet, notwithstanding Guest and his royalties, I find myself hungering for the more artistic work of the real artists. "Art for art's sake" appeals to me, as it must appeal to everyone who has the real poetic temperament. I enjoy the subtle suggestiveness of thought and the refined glow of tone-color that only the master artist can handle. Amy Lowell, with all of her wild and lawless venturing, is a supreme artist. Robinson, Frost, the two Untermeyers, Sara Teasdale, Margaret Widdemer, Clement Wood, and Edna St. Vincent Millay—these are some of the names that count. I have studied these people—and corresponded with some of them—until they are my intimate friends. We cannot have intelligent opinions about poetry unless we study the upper strata as well as the lower. Miss Millay has expressed my thought in these lines:

"Now it may be the flower for me
Is this beneath my nose;
How shall I tell unless I smell
The Carthaginian rose?"

* * *

Referring again to my own poetical efforts, I can only say that for more than a year I've been trying to get the entire collection printed in book form, but the progress has been rather slow. The cost is heavy, and I have not had the money to push it along. However, I can report that I have about two thirds of the collection in type, and will go ahead with it as fast as my means will allow. The biggest item from now on will be for paper, and I am not going to make any promises as to just when I will be able to get the book ready for delivery. All I can say is—just as soon as possible. Two or three hundred people have already pledged themselves to take a copy of the book, and when it is ready I will announce the fact in the paper so that all who want it can order it.

* * *

Another thing that I am going to harp on in this paper is Health Science—from the standpoint of the food specialist and the various cults of drugless healing. I believe if people would learn to eat right and think right they would never be sick. I believe Eugene Christian and his co-workers in food science have done and will do more for the health of America than all the drug doctors put together. The discovery of the Vitamins and how to use them is destined to rank with the discovery of Radium. It is an epoch-making event, and it is yet so new that the masses have scarcely heard of it. Just another of the modern wonders that will help to bring the Golden Age.

* * *

Then consider Fletcherism, Physical Culture, Osteopathy, Chiropractic, and last of all Auto-Suggestion as now being taught by Dr. Coue, of France, who has arrived in America to tell us how it is done. All these things are good, and if properly and persistently used will do more good than all the drugs in the world. I don't say that any of them are cure-alls. They don't claim to be. But they are certainly leading in the right direction. So let's begin to use our heads about all these things, and not just drag along in one old rut forever.

* * *

Some time soon I hope to get up an issue of this paper dealing with the different kinds of religious cranks, prophets, astronomers, and so on. I mean the out-standing cases where somebody has gotten up a new "theory" that is so different as to attract attention. For instance, there is a colony of folks in Florida who claim that the earth is hollow and that we live inside of it. Foolish? Maybe you think so, but just wait till you hear the evidence. Why, bless your heart, they PROVE it. They make out the strongest case you ever saw, and I want to tell you something about it some day.

Then there is a man out west—in Oregon, I believe—who claims that Paradise, or the Garden of Eden, is at the North Pole. He says Cook and Perry were mistaken about finding the Pole. He says it is a warm tropical region at the North Pole, and that the Throne of God is there. And he also PROVES his case—by the Bible and in various ways. I have examined some of his evidence, and it is hard to answer.

A man in Iowa has written a book to prove that the sun is Heaven and Hell. He says the outside surface of the sun is a seething and roaring lake of fire which constitutes hell. But the sun is hollow, and on the inside is a vast region of great beauty which he says is heaven. God has His throne there inside of the sun, and all the heavenly hosts are there. When good people die their souls go to that heaven inside of the sun. But the strangest part of it is that they have to go through hell to get into heaven. And yet he PROVES it all by the Bible and by astronomy.

There is a man in Colorado who has made some reputation as a prophet, but who now seems to be wandering in a mental fog. He now claims that when people die their souls go to the moon. He says the moon is fastened to the earth by some sort of an invisible cord, and that some time in the near future that cord will break and the moon will fly off into space, leaving the earth without any moon. This same man claims to be the ancient King David come back to earth in the flesh, and he is soon going to re-establish his kingdom and reign over the whole earth.

Then again, there is a bunch of folks in Illinois who teach that the earth is as flat as a pancake, and that a rim of Arctic ice has been placed all around the edge to keep fool people from running off.

There are probably other theories just as remarkable as these. And the funny part of it is that they can all PROVE it. Now who is right? Or is anybody right? Would you like for me to get up a good long article telling about all these isms? It would be interesting.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

er preachers were wrong in their teaching, and if Pastor Russell was so much more wrong that even the preachers were down on him, he must be a very bad fellow. I had heard that he had written some books, but I had never seen one of them, and other people (who had likewise never seen them) said they were very wicked books, and I must not dare to even touch them. You see I was well qualified to pass judgment on Russell. So the day came when I took Pastor Russsell for my text and wrote a very bitter and abusive tirade against him. The article filled about two columns of the paper, and it was almost hot enough to scorch the mail sacks. But in it all there was not a single fact presented. I had merely loaded my gun with other people's prejudice and fired off-hand in the dark. Of course I thought I was being smart, just like so many others who abuse Russell today. I had learned some things but I still had many things to learn. One of my most valuable lessons was just around the corner, and I did not know it.

* * *

That issue of the paper went out, carrying my abusive tirade against Russell. In a few days I began to hear from it, but it was not the kind of a hearing that I expected. Dozens of well-written and intelligent letters began to pour in day after day telling me that I should have investigated before I condemned—should have found out what I was talking about before I talked so big. Most of these letters were written with typewriter on business or professional stationery, showing that the writers were above the common average of intelligence. They didn't abuse me—they just pointed out my mistake and asked me to inform myself. Some of them sent me some literature to read. I read it. I ordered a full set of Russell's books and read them. At first I didn't expect to get any help, but my curiosity led me on. A few pages, and I began to see day-light. A few chapters, and I was all interest. It was a new world opening before me. It was the first really sensible interpretation of scripture I had ever seen. It made the Bible an entirely new book. Not that I comprehended it all in a flash. Far from it. I merely saw that here was something so big and so important that it would take years to master it fully. I went to work in good earnest, trying to get held of the new treasure I had found. It brought me back from my intellectual rambles in the swamps of agnosticism. It gave me a newer and deeper reverence for God and the Bible. It saved me from being an infidel. From that day to this I have never cussed Russell any more. But I have gone on from day to day getting more and more truth and light and comfort out of his teaching.

* * *

But my orthodox friends tell me I should not read Russell. They say I ought to read the Bible and let Russell alone. They forget that Russell was the means of restoring my faith in the Bible after I had practically cast it aside as worthless. They forget that I do read the Bible, and that I get something out of it now, compared with what I used to get. Why, bless your heart, these very orthodox friends who advise me to read nothing but the Bible—to take the Bible alone for my guide—they go right ahead and read Matthew Henry and other orthodox commentators (I mean common taters) and think they are doing the right thing. They do not take the Bible alone for their guide, but they try to get light on it from various sources. Poeple have been writing books about the Bible for thousands of years. Many of them are worthless, and some contain good ideas. Now suppose I kick all of these writers aside and say to them, "You fellows get out of my sunshine—let me have the Bible straight. I know more about it than all of you put together." Wouldn't that sound a little bit boastful? Now I do not claim to be the smartest man in the world. In studying a book that has always been a good deal of a mystery at best, I need all the help I can get. And if I find that I can get more help from Russell than from all the other expounders, why not let me do it? Any how, I shall go right on getting it, no matter what they say.

* * *

Now, if I was up talking this stuff off before an audience, it might worry somebody that did not want to hear it. But here it is in print, and you can read it or let it alone, just which you please. But I'll bet you have read every word of it this far, haven't you? Good boy! Go right on reading, and if you get more than your money's worth you are welcome to it anyhow. If I can only induce you to lay aside your prejudice and give Russell a fair hearing, you will thank me for it the longest day you live.

* * *

If holding "conferences" could save the world it certainly would be saved. Beginning at Washington a little over a year ago, there has been one conference right after another, and sometimes two or three going all at once, until they now total twenty or more that have been held in different parts of the world. All for the purpose of trying to find some way to get the old world pacified. But each and every succeeding conference gets a little more hopelessly balled up than the one before it. Failing in their general conferences, they have begun to have little sub-conferences like the Premiers' Conference at Paris recently. They also make matters worse and break up in disagreement every time. Just at this writing there is some kind of a secret conference going on at Washington between the financial "experts" of England and America. They are trying to keep it mighty quiet, but there will perhaps be an explosion that the world will hear.

Now it doesn't take a prophet to see what all this means. Any person with average intelligence can see that the statesmen of the world are all up in the air and don't know what to do. They are all bouncing around like a gang of chickens with their heads cut off, and if one can think of some new plan to try, no two of them can agree on it. And in the meantime the nations are sinking deeper and deeper into debt, doubt and destruction. Poor old Clemenceau is running over the world waving his arms madly and crying out for somebody to come and help defend France against the Germans. Lloyd George comes out in print saying that France has gone mad with militarism and that her present course is certain to bring on another world war. The Germans are whining and pretending to be more helpless than they are just for the sake of getting pity. And the Turks are strutting and giving orders about what they want done, and it looks just now like the Turks are getting most anything they ask for. One of the worst features about it is that there is no dependence to be put in any of the nations. They know they are playing a desperate game in which the stakes are life and death, and each one is desperately trying to take the advantage of all the rest. If any agreement could be reached on anything, somebody would break the agreement before the ink got dry on it.

* * *

Now the very fact that all this is going on is proof that something bad is the matter. What is it? None of the great statesmen have the least idea. One thinks it is one thing, and another thinks it is something else, and none of them have come within a thousand miles of the true answer to the question. But even if they don't know what is the matter, some of them are beginning to see what the result is likely to be. The complete downfall of all the nations of the world—the utter destruction of what they call the "present order." After that, what? Nobody seems to know. Some think it will be the end of everything—the end of time, the end of human life on the earth, and all the rest of it. Some others, like Wells, profess to see a new man-made millennium coming up out of the wreck. The trouble with these prophets of hope is that they still leave God out of it. They expect man to do it all. In this they are wrong. Man is going to make a pretty complete job of the tearing down, but he cannot rebuild in his own strength alone. Man will have a hand in the rebuilding, but not until he gets willing to cooperate with the Head Contractor of the universe. If anybody doubts that, just wait and see. The only reason that more trouble will have to come is because men and nations are so slow to learn. It seems to me that they have not half-way learned their lesson yet, and therefore I expect some heavy blows to fall pretty soon. Naturally I try to hope that it will not fall as heavy on America as it has already fallen on Europe. But where is the ground for such a hope? What has America learned? In many respects she is yet the blindest of all.

* * *

If you think my off-hand remarks in this paper from month to month will be of any interest to you and your folks, you are hereby invited to get your names on the mailing list and go along with me. Let's all try to be there together when the curtain rises on the next scene. This paper is my megaphone, and I am trying to tell you some of the things to look for. Of course I'm a fool, but that don't matter. Just come along. Pay your fare and take a seat in the grandstand. That's right! Come on, everybody.

* * *

In these columns, during the past few years, I have made various appeals for help to do this, that and the other. Some of these appeals have succeeded and some of them have failed. It

"BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS"

A Little Book of Verses by Cora Wallace Pearson.

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of the The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographal Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both booklets together for 25 cents. Order today—right now. Address:

Mrs. Cora Wallace Pearson.
Boomer, N. C.

I do not consider myself too big nor too smart to benefit by the experience of others, and I may decide to make use of Hubbard's idea in some way. For instance, one issue of "Pearson's Paper" might be devoted to some phase of the political or economic situation, another to some vital point of theology, and another to literature, and so on. That would give me elbow room to say all I needed to say about the subject in hand. I long ago discovered that some of the subjects I wanted to talk about could not be handled in a column or two. They needed the whole paper. And I believe that if the reader gets interested in a subject he would rather read right along on that subject than to be switched about to a dozen little short snatches, and nothing finished. Maybe all readers are not that way, but anybody that really wants to learn something would not object to that plan.

* * *

There is still a class of people who would like to have the paper continue under the old name and with its old coarse and slangy style. But I believe the large majority of the people that I wish to talk to are intelligent and serious-minded, and I believe they will agree with me that The Fool-Killer is no longer appropriate.

* * *

I have been talking Theology a good deal in the last few years, and I find that the people want more of that kind of talk. They are interested in it. They have begun to wake up and do some thinking for themselves. They are no longer willing to take their religious views ready-made from the preachers. And so there seems to be a big demand for more of my theological writing. My way of explaining Bible prophecy and the things that are happening in the world today is a new idea to most people, but it appeals to them as reasonable and in harmony with common sense. Some issues of the paper have been devoted almost entirely to theological discussions, and I have noticed that those issues stirred up a bigger interest among the readers and brought in more new subscribers than any others. So it looks to me like Theology and related subjects will have the right of way from now on. By 'related subjects' I mean anything that pertains to the present "distress of nations" and the vain efforts that men are maknig to get things settled. My prediction is that men will never succeed in getting the old world quieted down and running to suit their notion any more. The more they work at it the worse they will make it, and it won't be much longer till they will all have to throw up their hands and admit that the whole thing is a failure.

The trouble is that men are trying to do it all themselves. They have lost sight of the fact that God has plans, and that possibly His plans might not fit in with the plans of men. The world has had some big surprises in the last few years, but it is going to have some still bigger ones pretty soon. The conditions are getting to be such that every person who has got any sense ought to be thinking seriously about them, and not just running around after light and frivolous amusements. A good laugh once in awhile is all right, and I am glad that I have been able to cause a few million good hearty laughs. But in these tribulation days when the old world is passing out and a new world coming in, people ought to be serious at least part of the time. Suppose you quit laughing long enough to see if your Thinker will work some. It is time to think.

* * *

I am not writing editorials. I am just talking. I am sitting here at my old typewriter and just rattling away. I am trying to visualize my big audience as one individual, and trying to talk to you just as I would if you were right here with me. Since it is impossible to have you all here in my office, the next best thing is to write you all a personal letter. These words you are now reading are intended to be just that— a personal letter to each and every one of you. It may be a rather scattering letter, because I am writing very hurriedly, but I hope it will carry something of the old Pearson personality into your homes and make you realize that Pearson is here at Boomer, North Carolina, trying his best to do and say something that will help the world. I do not expect to be a millionaire nor run for president, but I want to fill my own little corner the best I can. That's all anybody can do.

* * *

Speaking of personal letters, I wish I could make you all realize how impossible it is for me to write and mail an individual answer to all the good letters I get. My desk is always piled with letters that need an answer, and I keep them right there before me for months, hoping I will some day get a chance to answer them. But in many cases that chance never comes. It is just a matter of doing all one man can do, and letting the rest go. If I should try to write individually to half or a fourth of the people who write to me, I wouldn't have time to do anything else. Furthermore, like all men in my line, I inevitably have my share of cranks to deal with. I never had the least idea how many different sorts of cranks there could be in the world until I became an editor. And I don't suppose I know all of them yet, because I am continually hearing from new kinds of cranks that I never heard from before, and they all seem to think that they are the only sensible people in the world. Maybe they are. But they have got so many different kinds of sense that my little head can't hold them all. So I'm just hammering along and treating everybody, including the cranks, just as nice as I can.

* * *

Right here is just as good a place as any to tell you how I got my eyes open to the Truth as applied to the theological questions of the day. I was born and brought up in the Baptist fold. I was taught all about the immortal soul, and about going to heaven when you die, and about that awful hot burning hell that all the bad people would go to and burn forever and never burn up. I was taught about how the devil deceived Adam and Eve and caused the wreck and ruin of all God's plans for the human race in Eden; and then how God rewarded the devil for what he had done by appointing him as head boss over the hot place, to punish the people that he had led astray. Somehow it just did not seem to make good sense to me, but the preacher said it was so, and I went ahead trying to believe it. I can remember going to the old log church when I was a little fellow and hearing an old-fashioned ignorant preacher rave and rant about hell. Oh, he made it hot and terrible. Neither Dante nor Milton ever pictured it any worse. And he made it appear that nearly all the human race was going to that place. I was not old enough to reason about it, but I was old enough to get scared, and I just sat there and shuddered. I am almost certain that my hair stood up straight on my head. I remember wishing, in my childish way, that we could have had a good God instead of a cruel monster who would make such miserable arrangements to punish His helpless creatures. They told me I must love God, but it was utterly impossible for me to love the sort of a God they pictured to my childish imagination. Such preaching filled me with an unhealthy fear of everything. I was afraid of the dark. I was afraid to go to sleep at night. I just lived in a condition of constant terror through all those years.

* * *

Practically all of the innocent joy that should belong to childhood was taken out of my life by that kind of preaching. Hearing it at an age when I was not mature enough to dismiss it as nonsense, it just poisoned the whole stream of life for me and made me a miserable, joyless caricature of what a boy ought to be. And now, as I look back to those days and realize how such preaching injured me, I consider it a crime against both God and man that the very same sort of blasphemous preaching is still poisoning the minds of children and implanting in their young minds a morbid fear that robs them of all the joys of childhood.

Well, I just lived along in a sort of dazed condition till I got older. In the meantime they had scared me into the church when I was about fourteen. I didnt realize much about what I was doing, but the preacher said if I would join the church I wouldn't have to go to hell. So I joined, of course. But if I had any religion it didn't seem to do me much good. I was still miserable day and night. I was mentally doped and went around hating myself and everybody else because I was so unfortunate as to be living in God's world.

* * *

So it went on that way till I was nearly 25 years old before I began to suspect that maybe the "hell-fire" preachers had doped it out wrong. But I still supposed that they were preaching the Bible, and so if they were wrong the Bible was wrong. They seemed to be so cock-sure about it all that it looked like a rather bold and reckless thing to doubt what they said. But in spite of everything I DID doubt. My own thinking and reasoning faculties were beginning to assert themselves, and I just HAD to doubt. I decided that if God had given me a mind of my own He must have meant for me to use it, and that I would be at least as safe in following my own mind as in following some other man's mind. And thus, by slow degrees, I broke loose from the old demon of Fear that had tormented my childhood and youth. I said in my heart that if there was a God, he could not possibly be the cruel and merciless Being that the preachers had made Him out to be. Rather than believe such stuff I would just not believe any thing. Having once begun to doubt, it was easier to go on doubting. I began to take a sort of savage pride in my doubts, and inwardly realized that I was an agnostic.

* * *

In the meantime I had started The Fool-Killer, January, 1910, and my policy was to knock everything that I thought needed knocking. The preachers did not escape. Many of them felt the weight of my heavy journalistic fist. I had heard much of one Pastor Russell, but never anything good. He was a preacher, and that was about all I knew, only it seemed that he was more unpopular than the rest. Even the other preachers hated him. Well, I reasoned that if the oth-

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INSTRUCTIONS

When you send in clubs it is not necessary to write long letters. A correct list of names and addresses, with money order or check to cover same, is enough. It is best to use my printed order blanks, a supply of which will be sent on request.

If you have something important to say, condense it all you can and write it on a separate sheet of paper. Remember I am very busy, and it takes lots of time to read long letters, to say nothing of answering them. I would like to write personal letters to all of you friends every little bit, but it is impossible.

If you fail to get the paper within a reasonable time, let me know, but do it in a friendly way. Don't kick and raise a fuss, for I am doing the very best I can.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON
Boomer, - - - North Carolina.

MY LETTER TO YOU

Well, here we are at another "parting of the ways." This is a world of continual changes, and everything that mortal man can engage in must come to an end some time. So this is to announce that our old friend "The Fool-Killer," is dead and gone. It lived a good deal longer than I had any idea it would live when I started it thirteen years ago. Its journey through this troublesome world has been a life-and-death struggle from beginning to end. I am sure that no other paper ever did exist and live for any length of time under quite such trying conditions. Its life has many times hung by a thread, and a mighty weak thread, at that. The first time I gave it up to die was in 1914, just after the war started. But it didn't die. It didn't even miss an issue. Not then. It has missed a number of issues from first to last. At least once a year since 1914 I have fully made up my mind to let it die. But in spite of all I could do to help it shuffle off, it just wouldn't die. Just about the time I ordered its coffin and picked out a place to dig its grave, it would suddenly open its eyes and say, "Hello, Pearson, I ain't dead yet. Please bring me a ton of paper and a bucket of ink. I'm hungry as a bear." And that always settled it. I couldn't resist such an appeal, and therefore The Fool-Killer kept right on living.

* * *

I want to make it plain right here that the trouble hasn't been lack of income or lack of interest among the readers. The people have just been crazy over The Fool-Killer since the day it started, and they have been more loyal to it than I could have dared to hope. The trouble has been with me. It has been very difficult—almost immpossible—for me to do my part. Sickness has been against me. My backwoods location has been against me. And all the conditions surrounding me have conspired to make it more and more difficult for me to do my part in getting it out. Consequently it was not to be expected that the people would rally to its support to any great extent when it was not being attended to properly at this end of the line. But in spite of all my personal failures and short-comings, the readers and friends that I found all over the country have stood by the little sheet in a most loyal and faithful manner. If I could only have done my part here at this end of the line I am sure The Fool-Killer might have reached a million circulation.

* * *

But for the reasons stated, The Fool-Killer has just dragged along from year to year until I have become entirely disgusted with it. I wanted it to amount to something, or else give up and die, one or the other, and it did not seem to have any notion of doing either. So here at the beginning of 1923 I have decided to just put it out of its misery for good, and let something better take its place. As I said, I have become very tired of the name. It doesn't appeal to me as it once did. That name used to seem very appropriate for the kind of stuff I wrote. I selected the name in the first place because it seemed to fit my style better than any other name I could think of. But that was away back in ancient times—in 1910. During these thirteen years that have come and gone since The Fool-Killer was born, my mental processes have been going through a gradual change. There were times when I feared it was injuring my mind—destroying my taste for the more refined things in life and literature. Such a result would seem very natural. But now as I look back over it all I see that the very reverse has happened. I discover that my esthetic tastes, instead of being lowered, have been immeasurably heightened and refined. Somehow there has come to me very gradually a new standard of values, and I am better able to appreciate the really worth-while things in life and literature and every other field of human activity. In other words, my experience with The Fool-Killer has learned me how to think and reason about things.

* * *

There is more than one way in which The Fool-Killer has helped to bring about this result. First and foremost, it gave me enough money to surround myself with the best literature. I had always hungered for good books and magazines, but had never had money to get such things. But when The Fool-Killer began to be a success (and it certainly did prosper for awhile) I was able to at least partially satisfy my hunger for books and literature. I began to buy books rather freely and subscribed for several good magazines and papers. But I didn't buy as many books then as I might have bought, and that is one of my great regrets today. Books were cheap then. A dollar of book-money would go twice as far then as it will go now. And I want to kick myself every time I think of the book bargains I failed to grab while they were in reach. However, the books I did buy were well selected—the classics, history, essays, biography, poetry, and some good fiction. Books of real solid worth they were, for the most part, and I have lived among these books for so many years that they have become a part of my life. Something of the culture they hold has penetrated through my rough exterior and made me a finer-grained and cleaner and better man than I was thirteen years ago.

* * *

When I started The Fool-Killer thirteen years ago I had no other object in view except to tickle the folks with my fool gab and perhaps make enough money to buy some bread and milk. That was all. I had no particular creed nor ism that I wanted to root for. It was just a case of rooting for myself—"root, hog, or die."

But I had to read and study a good deal in order to write even my fool stuff, all of which tended to broaden and educate me. Being naturally of a studious and inquiring mind, I found myself picking up information and training of many sorts that hadn't so much as entered into my calculations at first.

* * *

The upshot of it all is that the paper that has made me what I am has made me too critical to longer endure the crudity and coarseness of The Fool-Killer. That's why I now consign it to the limbo of things that were, and start this new year with another name — just simply "Pearson's Paper." I am doing that in order to identify the paper with myself, to make it as much as possible the vehicle of my own personality, my changed and refined personality, if you please. My name is now sufficiently known all over the United States to enable it to stand on its own merits, so to speak. So it is to be just "Pearson's Paper" from now on, and it will be just a record of my thinking from month to month. Heretofore I have not been able to make it an honest reflection of my thought, for the reason that I was under the constant strain of trying to be a monkey or a clown. I was trying to keep up my reputation for being "funny." But now the "fun" can go to Halifax if it wants to. When a man acts the monkey for thirteen years he surely has earned the right to quit being a monkey and try to be a man the rest of his days. That's the way I look at it now. Fun is all right in its place, but enough of anything is enough, and I don't find it as easy to keep in the funny, frivolous mood as I used to.

* * *

This is a sort of introduction to the new paper, but I can't give you any exact outline of what the future issues will be. It may be possible that I will take up one important subject each month and devote practically the entire paper that issue to the one subject. That was the plan on which Elbert Hubbard conducted his "Little Journeys." He would make a trip, either in fact or in imagination, to the home of some noted person, and then he would write a sketch of that noted person, devoting each separate issue to one subject only. It proved to be a good plan, and Hubbard's "Little Journeys" have taken their place in the permanent literature of the age.